

K Carey

A N A L E C T S

I N

VERSE AND PROSE,

CHIEFLY

DRAMATICAL, SATIRICAL,

AND PASTORAL.

VOL. I.

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M DCC LXX.

CHARLES DUNSTER, ESQ.

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

DEAR SIR,

THE indefatigable means you took to convince me of your friendship, by promoting the following wishes, made me take the liberty of inscribing them to you; for indeed, I had scarce hinted my intention, when you took the earliest opportunity of procuring those essentials, which have proved the means of my bringing them to light. I am perfectly convinced you have humanity enough to overlook my imperfections.

Yours
C. D.



T O

CHARLES DUNSTER, ESQ.

O F

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

DEAR SIR,

THE indefatigable means you took to convince me of your friendship, by promoting the following trifles, made me take the liberty of inscribing them to you ; for indeed, I had scarce hinted my intention, when you took the earliest opportunity of procuring those essentials, which have proved the means of my bringing them to light ; I am perfectly convinced, that you have humanity enough to overlook the too many imperfections

A 2

you

DEDICATION.

you will meet with, if you shou'd have patience enough to read my little Analects; for from my connections in business, and the *attention* that I am, from an innate affection, oblig'd to pay my fire-side, have made me, in some measure, more *inattentive*, than I should have been; I have inserted many, I could have wish'd to erase; because I had not time to finish many pieces which I had begun; and indeed, I was out in my calculation, in what would furnish a couple of volumes, but yet determined, not to extend it in appearance; I mean, not as is generally done on these occasions, to give much paper and little printing; I often wish'd to have found you at my elbow, when I have sent a proof to press, that you might have given a polish to the many rude, and uncultivated passages. I am afraid you will stammer at.—However, I shall trust to your candour and good sense, to make such allowances, as you shall think necessary; and when I see you, I am sure you will shew so much the gentleman, as to *whisper* my errors to me, that no assiduous critic may know there is a fault, through you, when he has not capacity enough to find it out himself.—But this is rather unnecessary, as I am so circumstantially

DEDICATION.

stantially convinced of your friendship and esteem; for I always perceived, on those occasions, that you seemed happy, rather to throw a veil over an error in your friend, than expose it to the greedy ear of envy, for the sake of self-ostentation, or the elevating plaudits of a select society.

I I was once in hopes, that the *Nut-brown Maid* would have made its appearance on the the stage, but Mr. GARRICK gave me so many sufficient reasons why it would not do, (not altogether divesting it of merit) that I resign'd my hopes with pleasure, knowing, from the many material marks of friendship I have experienced from that gentleman, if it had been perfectly calculated, he would have given it the fairest chance in his power; therefore I printed it, hoping it might afford some little entertainment in the closet. You was pleased some time ago to send me a few corrections you had made, in what I had given you to look over, but by some accident or other, I had the misfortune to lose them, which was of no little concern to me, as what they were, have escaped my remembrance, so that at least I am convinced, you will meet with the same errors
again;

vi DEDICATION.

again; whence I thought it necessary to give you some reason, why I have not adhered to your amendments; but if ever a future opportunity should offer, on the like occasion, I will endeavour to be more careful.

S I R,

I am,

with the greatest respect

and sincerity,

your most obliged,

and humble servant,

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

C O N T E N T S

V O L. I.

	Page
T HE Nut-Brown Maid, an Opera of three Acts	1
Momus, a Criticism on the Performers at the Theatre in the Hay-market	93
The Victim, a Poem inscrib'd to John Wilkes, Esq.	109
Young Jockey of the Carron Side, fet by Mr. Barthelemon	127
Wolly, a Scotch Song, fet by Mr. Barthelemon	129
Celon, a Song, fet by Mr. Snow	130
A Catch	132
Patty of the Green, a Song	133
A Dialogue-Song between Clody and Clara	134
An	

	Page
An Epistle to a Friend in the Country	136
Verses on a Distressed Family	138
On Mr. and Mrs. Prince's Birth-days	141
Epigram on Dr. Weezle	143
An Elegy on the Death of Lord Eglington, in the manner of Chevy-Chace	144
The Bird's Nest, a Fable	160
The Petticoat, a Political Song	162
The Peasant and the Ant, a Fable	164
The Pretty Maid of Chelmsford	167
An Evening's Walk	169
An Epigram on Lord G——	180

T H E

NUT-BROWN MAID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY, *a young Nobleman.*

EDWIN, *a young Gentleman under misfortunes.*

SIGHTLESS, *a Country Justice.*

ROBIN, }
ALLAN, } *Clowns.*

Tailor.

Gentlemen of the Hunt.

Constables.

Forresters, Peasants, &c.

EMMA, *beloved of Henry.*

ÆTHELIA, *Henry's Sister.*

CELIA, *her Attendant.*

Mrs. SIGHTLESS.

SUE.

T H E
NUT-BROWN MAID.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Grove, with a prospect behind of a fine rural country; Emma, disguised as a Sheperdess, sitting on a green bank under a tree; the curtain drawing up with soft music, and Emma sings as she sits on the back of the stage.

Emma,

*YE secret shades, ye verdant plains,
Where peace her gentle sway maintains,
Whilst round her fair and tranquil throne,
No sighs are heard, no tears are shown;
But love and sweet content are seen,
And ev'ry face appears serene;
O let a maiden join thy train,
'Till happy with her banish'd swain.*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Allan and Robin, listening to her singing.

Allan. She is somewhere here about, I'm sure.

Robin. And yonder she sits.

Allan. 'Slife, and so she does, and a charming lass she is—Egad I'll to her.

Robin. Hold man, perhaps 'tis a fairy.

Allan. If she be, I don't care; I must change a word or two, be what she will.

Robin. You may if you please, for I go no further.

[*Emma sees them, and comes forward.*

Allan. She's flesh and blood I see by her steps: he that would run away from such a fairy ought never to see such another—pray, pretty maid, are you married?—hey! not speak?—hum, I dad, she's sulky methinks?—what may she want now?—hum, an husband I warrant; or perhaps she has got one, and wants to be rid of'm.

Robin. That is to say, she is either married against her will, or 'tis against her will she is not married.

Allan. Pray, young woman, be'ant you well.

Emma. No indeed, yet I should be much better if you would do me one favour.

Robin and Allen. Aye, that we will, any thing you shall say.

Emma. But you will be sure, both of you, to keep your words.

Allan. Never doubt it, sweetheart, never doubt it.

Emma. Then you cannot do any thing that will please me more than to take yourselves away.

Robin. Oh, oh, she can speak you find.

Allan. Wounds, she's 'stound me.

Emma. Why are ye not gone ?

Robin. Aye, aye, come along ; troth if you don't I'll tell Sue.

Allan. I don't care for that neither ; I must break my word for once.

S O N G.

*Say, say, what you will,
I'll tarry here still,
My heart is entrapp'd in a snare ;
Go, go, and tell Sue,
You've nought else to do,
But stay here I will, I declare.*

Emma. Aye, prithee do, and you'll do well.

Allan. Edad then I'll follow, go where you will, my lass.

Emma. You had better go follow the plough.

Allan. Nay, nay, now, thou dost'nt think so, I am sure: come let us be better acquainted.

Emma. Prithee, clod, begone; for thou'lt make thyself as hateful to me as thou art troublesome.

S O N G.

Hence, away, thou hateful clown,

Thou filly blockhead, hence:

Go seek some bumkin of thy own,

Like thee unknown to sense.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Allan and Robin manet.

Allan. Who could have thought so pretty a creature could have been in such a passion.

Robin. Aye, she's a trimmer I warrant ye; there's many a fair face with a foul tongue they say; you had better stick to poor Sue, if she knew you was here she would be breaking her heart I suppose.

Allan. There's no harm, man, in having two strings

strings to one's bow ; for when one is too full
of her airs I like to have another to fly to.

Robin. And yet you are mightily mist too
when Sue happens to smile at any body but
yourself.

[*Huntsmen and horns heard at a distance.*]

Allan. Hark ! the hounds.

Robin. I' dad so there are, [*hollows*] hoick !
hoick ! hoick ! hoo, hoo, by George I'll be
one in the chace.

Allan. So you may if you will, but I'll have
a chace of my own ; I'll after yon pretty fac'd
pufs.

Robin. An you do, I'll tell Susan, mark that
my lad. [Exeunt Robin and Allan.]

SCENE IV.

An open Plain.

Enter Henry in a hunter's dress singing.

*What station on earth such true pleasures can yield
As love in the grove, or the stag in the field:*

*When fatigu'd with the chace in the grove we repose,
And Dian her tribute to Cupid bestows.*

Now to fair Emma, who knows not who I am,
but believes me to be a banished man : I have
play'd

play'd upon her in disguise, and in a peasant's garb, made more advancements in her good esteem than the gayest knight, or fopling of the court, with all the glaring outside of success, who woo but with their cloaths.

[*An hollowing heard without.*]

But yonder come some gentlemen of the hunt, proclaiming by their shouts the pleasures of a well-spent day.

SCENE V.

Enter Huntsmen, &c.

Joy to ye, gentlemen, the sport has been successful.

1st Huntsman. Thanks to you, Sir.

2d Huntsman. I think I never saw so fine a chace; there has been much danger too.

Henry. The more the danger greater still the sport. I saw a rustic scouring yonder cliff, and being eager in pursuit, unluckily he tript, and tumbled headlong down, but fortunately for him he was received by the friendly stream below, which broke his fall, that otherwise must have broke his neck.

Both Huntsmen. Ha! ha! ha! poor fellow.

1st Hunts-

1st Huntsman. If he had happened to have been in love, such a tumble might have cured him.—But come, my appetite is keen, I linger for refreshment, let's towards home.

2d Huntsman. Your company will be a pleasure to us, Sir, if you are disposed this way.

Henry. Sir, my disposition is to comply with every kind entreaty; the day is on the decline, and I am far from home; my horse is at a cottage near at hand—this is my way, and should have been right glad if chance had made it your's.

1st Huntsman. Then take good care you meet not with a witch.

Henry. A witch!

2d Huntsman. Aye, but a lovely one, with many charms, and witches deal in charms you know.

S O N G.

Take care, good Sir, how you pass,

There's danger, I assure you,

Shou'd you meet the pretty lass

Perhaps she may allure you.

There is witchcraft in each eye,

No mortal can resist 'em;

Pout-

Pouting lips of coral die,

Oh! how I could have kist 'em.

Henry. I do not understand you ; enchantment and witchcraft ! what may you mean ?

1st Huntsman. Why, Sir, I'll tell you: as we came along the skirts of this wood, a lovely damsel, wrapt in thought, was walking to and fro beneath the shade ; now and then she'd press her hand against her breast ; then, with eyes full of loveliness and tears, she'd look around, sigh as if her gentle heart would break, and of a sudden, cry, Oh, wretched me !

Henry. Of what appearance, pray ?

2d Huntsman. She wore the habit of a shepherdes. We entreated the cause of her distress ; but she rebuked us for our pains with such a modest grace that we retired.

Henry. Poor girl ! a love affair perhaps ?

1st Huntsman. I fancy so.

2d Huntsman. I wish I had been the happy object : I'd have given my fortune for her love.

Henry. Then you might have had it, I dare say.

1st Huntsman. I imagine if we had persevered, a little patience might have brought her to our purpose.

Henry. Not if she be really in love ; reason will

will argue ineffectually, when love is rooted in the heart.

S O N G.

*Reason to love is urg'd in vain,
No force can break his filken chain,*

*He reigns without controul:
Unseen the God directs his dart,
But soon we feel th' envenom'd smart
Lie rankling in the soul.*

2d Huntsman. Then we'll think no more of her: so good day to you, Sir; I'll go and make love to a firloin and a bowl of punch, and I warrant I make 'em submit.

[Exeunt Huntsmen singing one way, and Henry the other.]

S C E N E VI.

A Grove. Emma disconsolate.

Emma. I seek, alas, in vain: Oh, my Henry, where art thou hid? perhaps he's happy with my rival now: sure there's no pain like love: What shall I do? I've lost my way, fatigu'd and faint in a doubtful search: hold, if I my mistake not, there's a village in my view; I'll even thence and seek refreshment there.

SCENE B

SCENE VII.

Enter Allan.

Allan. You see I've overte'en you, sweetheart; I told you I would follow you.

Emma. Was ever maid so wretched! I had no sooner promised myself a comfort, but I am interrupted by a fool.

Allan. What be'ant you well yet?

Emma. Good clown leave me.

Allan. Clown, forsooth clown! [*aside*] I, I, I, am not a clown, sweetheart.

Emma. Then you're as simple.

Allan. If you was a little better acquainted with me you would not say so.

Emma. I am sure of it already. What would you have? Why do you follow me so?

Allan. Why I cannot help it, because I love you.

Emma. And for that I must fall in love with thee too? being the most frightful of thy sex: if that don't rid me of him, I shall begin to pity him, lest he should feel on my account what I for Henry feel. [*Aside.*]

Allan. Ah, I don't mind that tho'; you don't

don't think so, I'm sure: you pretty lasses like
a deal of courting.

S O N G.

*You frown and look shy,
But I know not for why,
'Tis only to try if I love:
Should I go away,
I know you'd cry stay,
Ods niggers but I'll never move.
I knew very well,
If you love you won't tell,
But smother with art your desire.
You may call me a fool,
And seem to be cool,
When your pretty dear heart is on fire.*

[Enter Henry unseen]

Henry. As I live 'tis my Emma in disguise:
'Sdeath, but why is this rustic with her? Is it
for him she came or me? I'll know. She shall
not see me yet, I will first turn myself to a
wizzard; concealed in that I'll sift the secret
out. [Exit.

Emma. Pray, good fellow, leave me; if thou
dost love me I'm sorry for't from my soul, since
my heart is another's, it is not in my power to

C

love;

love; I would be thy friend in any thing else; but let me beg of thee never to mention love to me again.

Allan. O but I will; I know you can't help loving when you are a little better acquainted with me; for I have often heard my granny say that two chumps that had been a good many years together in our house, fell in love with one another, and it was a hard matter to part them.

Emma. That is to say, should I be as great a log as thyself, I must of course fall in love with thee, if there were nobody else in the world.

Allan. Hey! how's that? You puzzle me there too; I don't know what to make of that saying; I never heard of it before in all my born days; Will you say it again? I'll guess at it better; (I dad she talks better than Sue; she'll be too much for me if I don't take care).

[*Afide.*

Emma. This looby teazes me to death; would to Heaven I could get rid of him; his obstinacy makes me begin to fear him; I am perplexed when I think what I have done! I dare not go home, and if I stay here I shall be ruined

ruined and suspected : O my Henry, thy Emma's lost, a wanderer forlorn.

S O N G.

O could my voice but reach thine ears ;
 Didst thou but see these falling tears,
 Thou woulst not let me here complain
 Or drop one single tear in vain.
 Some friendly guardian lend me aid,
 Direct a poor be-wilder'd maid.
 Tell me, O tell me, if you can,
 Where I shall find my banish'd man.

Allan. I had thou'rt a main good finger ; if thou sing'st much more in that strain it will bewitch me ; Sue cannot sing half so well : she can sing nothing but, [*sings*]

*As I trudg'd out one morning to Derry-down dale,
 To eat a hot cake, and to drink some good ale,
 I met with a maiden whose cheeks were as red,
 As a sweet damask rose or a strawberry bed.*

I learnt her to sing it tho' by the bye ; can you sing it ? 'Tis a good merry song, if you knew it.

Emma. Pray thee go sing by thyself ; I am not disposed for mirth just now : take thyself
 C 2 away

away, good fellow, and some other time I may listen to thee.

Allan. Why that's kind too; but where shall I see you another time?

Emma. Why here perhaps, or hereabout.

Allan. But what will you give me for remembrance?

Emma. Any thing you shall ask that is in my power.

Allan. Done with you, done with you; give me a kiss—'tis a fair bargain.

Emma. What shall I do? I believe I must hold him my hand to get rid of him. Why if thou wilt promise to go away directly thou shalt kiss my hand.

Enter Henry in a conjurer's dress, seeing Allan kiss Emma's hand.

Henry. Torture! what do I see? Is it possible?

Emma. Heavens! Who is this?

[*Seeing Henry.*

Allan. The devil I believe—he's ugly enough—don't be afraid—he shan't hurt thee.

Henry. Ye gentle pair fly not from me; be happy.

happy, I'll retire again rather than disturb you, for lovers like to be by themselves.

Allan. Why that's true enough, old one; you are right there: I warrant you have been in love in your time.

Henry. I have, and feel the pangs of it to this day.

Allan. Poor soul, poor soul.

Henry. Fair one I have something to impart to thee in private, and what concerns thee nearly.

Allan. No, no, don't hear him, he's a wizard; come away, sweetheart, come away.

Henry. Clodpole hold thy peace.

Allan. Don't call me clodpole, an you do, I'll give you a clout.

Henry. Fair maid will you answer me one question?

Emma. Alas! I know not what to say.

Henry. Tell me then, do you not seek a banished man?

Emma. Heavens be witness, I do indeed!

Henry. Would intelligence on that head be welcome to thee?

Emma. My heart, my eyes, my ears are open to receive it; speak—speak of him forever.

Allan. Plague on's ugly face I say; I don't like 'im, he's bewitched the pretty creature already.

Henry. As what I'm going to say requires secrecy, I must beg this swain to retire a while 'till I have related my story; but if your affections are so strongly rooted that you cannot bear a moment's separation, I will withdraw and let it die with me.

Emma. No, rather talk forever, if Henry be thy theme; if thy story be retarded by this fellow's presence, would to Heaven I had a giant's strength that I might spurn him from my sight; for like an hateful insect has he teased me, 'till I sickened with impatience and disgust.

Robin within. Hola! Sue! Sue! here, my lass, here they are.

Emma. More interruptions! perplexing fates!

Allan. Hey dey! what Sue? [*speaks in a fright*] O the devil take this wizzard I say; this is some of his doing I suppose: Sue would never have come I'm sure if he had not conjured her: she never could have found me if the devil had not had a hand in it. [*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter Robin.

Robin. So master Allan we have found you,
in the devil's company too I believe, at last.
[*Seeing Henry*] What do you call him when he's
ready?

Allan. A wizzard of the woods if you like :
I believe in my heart he has bewitched this
sweet creature here.

Robin. And here comes one that you have
bewitched I'm afraid.

Enter Sue in a passion and in tears.

S O N G.

Sue. Alas, alas, I see 'tis true ;

O Allan, you've deceiv'd your Sue,

With your promises so civil ;

O you sly bewitching devil !

I could tear myself to pieces ;

My fear and jealousy encreases :

I'll go and hang me on yon willow,

And, when dead, I'll haunt thy pillow.

Thou ne'er shalt find a maid so true,

As poor deceiv'd distracted Sue.

Allan

Allan. Nay, but Sue, now Sue; don't go to frighten one: who the devil put all this in thy head? Don't be jealous girl, don't be jealous.

Sue. Don't you give me cause then, you false-hearted deceitful cruel creature? Jealous! how would you like to have been serv'd so? Did not you threaten to hang yourself last night if I ever let Ralph kiss me again? And now you have been raking the duce knows where, after the devil knows who all day long.

Robin. Well said Sue; give it him, ha, ha, ha, I dad this is the best sport I have seen some time.

Allan. Nay, you should not blame me for being a little waggish: Did not you say you lov'd a rake to your heart? Why I have done no harm.

Sue. I am sure you can't have been doing any good when you have been in the woods all day with such a wanton looking hussy as that is; I wish she was in the house of correction, a straggling rambling minx.

Emma. Alas, I am undone!

Sue. There, there, she says she is undone.

Allan. But not by me! I have not done it.

Emma.

Emma. Creature, cease thy infamy, and take thy looby and thyself away.

S O N G.

*Ye reptiles, earth-worms, fly this place,
Ye refuse of the human race,
I will no more your scandal bare,
Whilst thus I'm rack'd 'tween hope and fear;
For O I've lost the dearest swain
That ever trod the verdant plain:
Ye cruel ministers of woe,
Why do you rack a maiden so?*

Sue. There, do but hear her now; she is crying because she thinks she has lost you. O the hypocrite! 'twill break my heart; I'll never believe but there has been something between you.

Robin. Well done Sue.

Allan. Why, you're mistaken now; there has been nothing but—but—but—

Sue. But what? Oh mercy upon me! he is afraid to say what.

Allan. Nothing but words.

Robin. Oh if there has been nothing between them

them but words, they must have been very close together indeed, Sue.

Henry. I can hear no more of this; if you don't all instantly leave this place, I will rivet you in a tree, or turn you all to stone; I'll cramp your limbs with my magic power 'till ye shall beg to die.

Robin. O, the devil take all the wizzards I say.

Henry. What? say you so again, and I'll encircle you with toads and adders—away—begone.

Robin. Lud have mercy upon us. Pray don't, and I'll away directly. Well done Sue [*Sue runs off in a fright*]. Come, come Allan, you don't know who you have got in company with.

Allan. If I don't acquaint his worship I'll be hang'd, mind that Mr. Conjurer.

[*Allan, Robin and Sue Exeunt.*]

Henry. Now, maiden fair, to my story.

Emma. I'm all attention.

Henry. Alas, to be farther plunged into affliction; I fear you are in love: if so, I am sorry for you indeed; and if Henry be the object of your affections, I'd have you cease to love, and fix on some one more deserving. He is

is a reveller, an outlaw, and in my opinion will come to some unseemly end.

Emma. Ah me, when shall I meet a comfort more!

Henry. Never in him I fear: Henry is betrothed to many, but is false to all: he makes it his study to deceive your sex, and boasts of it when done.

Emma. Still must I love him. O my heart! alas, 'tis breaking, Henry! Oh my Henry! [*She faints.*]

Henry. O matchless girl! I have kill'd thee I'm afraid! Curse on my cruelty! I have made too severe a trial of her taintless love.—Hold, she revives; thanks to the fates, who are kinder to me than I deserve.—What shall I do? If I discover myself to her now, the sudden transposition of grief to joy may kill her quite. Sweet maid take comfort.

Emma. Where is comfort to be found if my Henry be false?

Henry. I am his friend, and will be your's. I never failed in my persuasions whenever I wanted to work him to my purpose; and indeed I have given him a worse name than he deserves. Why he is so great a changeling he believes

believes all women to be more fickle than himself; this I've often heard him say; adding too, that if he could once find out a maid constant and sincere in her affections to a proof, he would take her to his heart forever: I'll to him, and convince him of your sincere regard and matchless love.

Emma. O take me with thee too.

Henry. That would marr all; leave it to me, I will hazard my life in the success.

S O N G.

*Take comfort, thou deserving maid,
Thy matchless truth shall be repaid;
Thy Henry, swift as thought, shall fly,
And cheer thy love-afflicted eye.*

Em. O may thy friendly speech succeed,
Then wilt thou make me blest indeed;
And if I e'er ungrateful prove,
May heaven rob me of my love.

*Enter Justice Sightless, Allan, Robin, Sue,
Constables, Husbandmen, &c.*

Justice. Lay hold of him, and I'll take care of her: I'll see whether your enchantment or my authority be strongest.

Henry.

Henry. Good Sir, what do you mean?

Justice. O, I'll tell you presently: you'll turn people into stone, and wedge them up in trees will you? If you be a wizzard, as I'm afraid you are, I'll see what I can turn you into.

[Emma weeps.]

Robin. Wounds, how grim he looks!

S O N G.

*Althof, measter wizzard,
You growl in your gizzard,
It will not one farthing avail;
His worship has caught you,
Now soon shall be taught you
What conjurers do in a jail.*

*You made Allan untrue,
To rosy cheek'd Sue,
And fright the poor girl into fits:
What you said, I declare,
Made me wonder and stare,
And scar'd me quite out of my wits.*

D

Would

Would his worship permit,

I do think it more fit,

To set the old rogue in a blaze:

Tho' hard loaded with chains,

He may 'scape all our pains,

Since the devil will help him he says.

Then let's lead him along

To a stake that is strong,

And give him a taste of the fire:

There is nothing can thrive

While the wizzard's alive,

Then send him at once to his fire.

[Exeunt omnes.]

The End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A room in Sightless's house.

Enter Sightless in his cap and night-gown.

S O N G.

*I Crept out of bed, and I slept on my clothes,
And I left my old wife in a hearty good doze :
I turn'd the key softly, and open'd the door,
Whilst she most conveniently set up a snore.*

*At other times, faith, I have thought it unci-wil,
And wish'd her oft snoring away at the devil :
May she snore, may she snort ; may she snort, may
she snore :*

May she take such a nap that she never wake more.

Sightless. I'm bewitch'd with this wench to be
sure ; for of all the red and white, the soft and
smooth, I never saw her equal ; she ran in my

head so much all night, that I did nothing but dream of her: I must feel how her pulse beat: I would not send her to prison for fear somebody else might make too free with her, troth. Odds me, here she comes! I intended to have had the pleasure of waking her myself, but she has prevented me.

SCENE II.

Enter Emma.

Sight. So, sweetheart, you're up: what, did not you sleep well?

Emma. I have not slept at all.

Sight. Not slept?

Emma. Scarce a wink.

Sight. Then I'm afraid you have been contriving how to make your escape.

Emma. That I never can, for I am bound in chains forever.

Sight. Bound in chains? How how do you mean, lass, bound in chains? Why you talk in your sleep to be sure: Where the deuce be your chains? I see nothing of 'em.

Emma.

Emma. I feel them tho', but would not break 'em for the world.

Sight. Good lack-a-day, she is certainly asleep yet: E'dad I'll wake her tho'; hallo! hallo!

[Lays hold of her and shakes her.]

Mrs. Sightless enters listening.

Emma. Bless me, Sir, what is the matter?

Sight. What's the matter child! You walk in your sleep!

Emma. I rather think that you walk in your sleep, who cannot see that I'm awake.

Sight. I'dad perhaps I do: hey—no, no, I'm not asleep: come, huffy, give me a buff; and that will wake me, were I dead.

S C E N E III.

Mrs. Sightless rushes in upon him.

Mrs. Sightless. Yes, I dare say it wou'd; you're asleep are you! You're asleep, and you must come here to be kiss'd awake: O you vile

man! This is what you had her in the house for! This is your conscience, is it! You would not send her to prison forsooth, for fear she might prove innocent; and now you have sneak'd out of bed, like a false-hearted monster as you are, in your sleep on purpose to have this sanctify'd hypocrite wake you with her kisses.

Sight. No, no, my dear, you have convinced me that we were both awake with a vengeance; I wish you were asleep with all my heart.

Mrs. Sight. Yes, I dare say you do.

Sight. Yes, and the devil take him that wakes you, should you sleep 'till Doomsday.

Mrs. Sight. O you brute! you savage! you scandalous good-for-nothing creature you! but this is all your doing, madam Wag-tail, I'll soon send you a packing!—Hussy, I've a good mind to tear your eyes out.

Sight. You had better tear your tongue out, you jealous pated fool you! What a clack you keep indeed!

Emma. Madam hear me.

Mrs. Sight. I won't hear you: don't talk to me: I shall go mad I believe.

Sight. You're mad enough already I think.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sight. And who may I thank for it but you! but I'll be reveng'd.

Sight. Why, look you wise; you are only making a fire for yourself all this time: you'll burn yourself up with your own fury: I did ask the young woman to kiss me indeed, but 'twas only in joke.

Mrs. Sight. In joke! a pretty joke indeed! If I had not come in as I did, I dare say you'd have made a serious affair of it by this time! In joke forsooth! A very modest joke, I dare say!

S O N G.

Palm not your wanton tricks on me,

Your base designs, vile man! I see!

No, no, I won't despair.

Fierce fury in my breast shall rise:

What! bring your minx before my eyes?

This is too much to bear.

My vengeance shall you both pursue;

I'll do for her—I'll do for you—

These favours I'll return:

Altho' her tender heart shou'd break,

The wizard's fate shall she partake,

And both together burn.

Emma.

Emma. Madam, you may form what opinion you will of your own, because time and appearances may have given you some authority for your suspicions: nothing but ill manners and a guilty mind can warrant your judging so illiberally of a stranger.

Sight. Blessings on her, she prattles like an angel.

Mrs. Sight. Priihee, wench, don't prate so pertly to me: do you know who I am?

Emma. Yes, madam, I am very sensible to whom I'm talking; a splenetic—

Sight. A what! a lunatic! mind what you say girl; remember she is my wife, and therefore claims respect.

Emma. I've said nothing but the truth, Sir, and I shall always pay a greater regard to that than her ungenerous reflections, or your authority.

Sight. Hey! what do you say? Do you mean to affront me for my indulgence? I must seem to quarrel with her for the sake of peace and quietness, or I shall have a dog's life on't else.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Sight. Aye, aye, I'm glad on't; I'm glad you begin to find her out. Innocent! yes she's

she's very innocent, to be sure, you may see that; but as impudent as you please: send her to prison, I insist on it—an impudent stragling hussy!

Sight. I believe I must indeed: she makes but a bad use of my civility: come, come, you shall go to prison hussy; I'll see if I can't make room for you there.

Mrs. Sight. No, no, I'll save you that trouble; I'll take care to make room for her myself, I warrant you.

Emma. Alas! my resolution totters—arm me with fortitude, ye gracious powers, nor leave me to despair.

S O N G.

*Come Hope, thou blooming maid, appear,
Shield, O shield me from despair.*

*Teach me, ye gods, to undergo
The love-tormenting pangs of woe.*

And if I die, O let me prove

A faithful monument of love:

Then, then, my Henry, shalt thou see,

Thy Emma kept her words with thee.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sicht. Come, come, away with you; I've something else to do than to hear your whining forsooth.

Sicht. Aye, aye, to prison with her. I have a key for that lock too; I'll have a peep at her there. [*aside.*]

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

A Farm House.

Enter Allan, Robin, and Sue.

Sue. No, no, I won't speak to thee; I won't look at thee; I won't think of thee, I won't, I won't, so I won't.

Allan. Nay, plague on't Sue, don't be hard hearted: you know I love you, you know I do.

Sue. I don't know it, nor I won't know it, you shan't love me.

Robin. Well said Sue, don't give out, remember the girl in the grove.

Allan. Hold thy tongue Robin, and don't be a fool.

Robin.

Robin. A fool! not I indeed, I'm not in love,
I'm wise enough for that.

S O N G.

The fair or the brown,

A smile or a frown,

All ever are equal to me :

I laugh and I smile,

Love cannot beguile

A heart that is jovial and free.

Let fond loving swains,

Keep signing their pains ;

No wench shall my freedom annoy,

And yet I am sure

For love there's a cure,

Since time will that passion destroy.

Sue. [to *Allen*] Don't keep teasing me so;
don't think I can forget it, don't.

Allen. Ay, but you can forgive it *Sue*: you
had always a pure tender heart of your own.

Sue. No, the duce take me if I do.

Robin. No, don't *Sue*, make him repent it
all the days of his life.

Allen.

Allan. If thee don't hold thy tongue I'll make thee repent it.

Robin. Ha, ha, ha, wilt?

Allan. Yes I will.

Robin. No, no, thee can't do that, except thee cou'd make me in love with every wench that I meet, like thyself, to yelp after this, and to whine after t'other, and——odds niggers don't mind him Sue, don't mind him, he's in love with a thousand.

Sue. O what a fool have I been!

Robin. A fool indeed.

Allan. It's as false as old nick.

S O N G.

Your words I deny,

Don't give me the lie:

I never lov'd any but Sue.

You fain now wou'd try,

To part Sue and I,

But, Robin, your nonsense won't do.

You may giggle and grin,

I care not a pin,

If Sue will believe that I love:

Altho' you impeach

You can't make a breach,

Since truth will each falsehood remove.

Robin.

Robin Pshaw, pshaw, no more of this nonsense: Sue what do you think of me, hey? Come give me a buss and tell me.

Sue. Prithee, Robin, don't play the fool with me.

Robin. I play the fool! not I indeed! prithee don't lay your bargains on me; it is you that have play'd the fool I'm afraid, I'm sure I'd no hand in't; if you have made a slip I can't help it.

Allan. You was always a fool.

Robin. A fool! ha, ha, ha, give me thy hand o'that—how is't brother?—if I be a fool, I'm sure I must be some relation of your's.

[*Sue sets up a cry.*]

Robin. Hey! to pass, what is the matter now?

Sue. To say I had made a slip!

S O N G.

*I wish I never had seen a man,
They're treach'rous as the devil,
And like the devil too, they can
Be very, very civil.*

O dear ! O dear ! what shall I do ?

I'm sure my heart will burst :

You false deceitful wretches you,

Of monsters you're the worst.

[*Exit Sue, Allan going after her, Robin lays hold of him and prevents him.*]

Robin. Why, you would not be such a fool, would you ?

Allan. Yes but I wou'd.

Robin. No, no, let her come to herself; if she won't bear a joke now and then, I wou'd not give a rush for her.

Allan. 'Swounds, but I shall have ne'er a sweetheart at this rate.

Robin. Pshaw, pshaw, what a simpleton you are indeed ! you want sadly to hurry your neck into the noose methinks : come, come, you and I will have a little sport first.

S O N G.

*For shou'd you Sue wed,
And lead her to bed,*

No mortal so happy as you :

The honey-moon past,

You'll find at the last

The wonder will cease to be new.

Come,

*Come, come, then away,
 'Tis foolish to stay,
 With me trudge along to the wake;
 There's plenty you'll find,
 To cheer up your mind,
 And she you like best you may take.*

[*Ex. Robin and Allan.*]

SCENE V.

Henry in Prison.

Henry. 'Tis high time now to make enquiry
 after my love; I've had a restless night on't;
 this is a trial I never dreamt of; if she bears
 this with fortitude, she will be indeed the won-
 der of her sex, and worthy the richest diadem
 on earth: that I love her, my heart and soul can
 witness: if after this she talks of love and Hen-
 ry, I shall be convinced that women can be
 constant, and every doubt must fade; but who
 comes here? a stranger; and a prisoner I sup-
 pose; perhaps he can inform me where my Em-
 ma is disposed.

SCENE VI.

Enter Edwin.

Edwin. Your pardon, Sir, I've interceded with the jailor for admittance, and shou'd be glad of your consent to exchange a word or two: report has made me curious, but if it has made me too impertinent, I will retire, and not offend you.

Henry. Sir, you do me honour; I am glad to see you: 'sdeath, who can this be? his face is most familiar to me [*aside*]: Sir, you are welcome.

Edwin. I thank you Sir.

Henry. Ah, me!

Edwin. You seem disturbed Sir.

Henry. A thought came across the sunshine of my hopes; but now—but now 'tis fair again.

Edwin. There is something more than common about this man, and a sensible affability that pleases me much. [*Aside.*]

Henry. You seem to muse Sir; I hope you've no design?

Edwin.

Edwin. As your suspicions are but natural, they do not much surprize me; but on my faith I've no design: I am a prisoner as yourself, and should have been glad, had it been your inclination too, to have pass'd an heavy hour now and then together, and been friends, that is all.

Henry. You speak, Sir, like a gentleman, and are most welcome I assure you; and as you have offered me your friendship, you shall find me grateful and sincere: I'm grieved to find a man with such a heart, in such a situation; but come, let us be chearful.

S O N G.

*Tho' care with heavy hands oppress,
And fortune leaves us to distress,
Yet shou'd the Gods once condescend,
To bless me with a single friend,
I wou'd not call the fates unkind,
Tho' thus imprison'd and confin'd,
Friendship shou'd drive my cares away,
And make me hope a better day.*

Edwin. I have not had so agreeable an interview these twelvemonths.

Henry. These twelvemonths! I hope you've not been here so long.

Edwin. Much longer Sir.

Henry. I'm sorry for it; your crime surely must be great indeed, to incur so long a punishment.

Edwin. I think I may venture to say it is more an accident than a crime.

Henry. Prisons were not made for the unfortunate, but the wicked and abandon'd: may I presume to enquire the cause? perhaps I may have it in my power to be your friend.

Edwin. Alas, I am afraid not in such a case: my father's death was all the cause.

Henry. Imprison'd for your father's death! Shall I intreat your name? perhaps I am too bold.

Edwin. My name, Sir, is Edwin: I was born at Philodale.

Henry. At Philodale! as I live my old school-fellow, and my sister's lover; how fortunate! [*aside*] but I cannot understand, Sir, how your father's death could be the cause of your imprisonment.

Edwin. When he died he left a person in this neighbourhood his executor (*Sightless*) who
you

you must have seen; but, tho' he bears the name of Justice, he is, I am afraid, as great a stranger to her rules, as he is to pity. He ever pretended that my father died involved; and, as I could not contradict it, was forc'd to think so too: this was a sad shock, tho' the least of my affliction; for I was betroth'd to the loveliest maid, whose fortune was almost equal to her beauty; but, alas, becoming destitute and poor, cou'd never think of seeing her again, and wrote her word I meant to pass the seas, never to return.

Henry. O most distressing tale! but pray go on.

Edwin. Before my father died, having an occasion for a certain sum, previous to his knowledge, which I had scarcely hinted to his worship, but he begged he might oblige me; I thought it kindness, and gladly embraced the opportunity; I gave my note with promise of a double interest; but ere the best of fathers had closed his eyes, and my time for the payment of the debt unfortunately expir'd, he hurry'd me to prison, where I have been a sad and melancholy being ever since: I wou'd have wrote to certain friends, but he has cruelly deprived me
of

of that advantage by giving the jailor the strictest charge never to place a pen and ink within my reach, or let one letter pass the door, which action has often made me think he's play'd me foul.

Henry. No doubt Sir: O the villain! come my worthy friend, do not despair: I have a charm about me that shall extricate us both: if you dare venture to assist, I'll prove your friend: I have a stratagem on foot, by which you'll find I'll make a fair example of his worship, and you shall be reveng'd; and if they refuse us liberty, here is a key that will unlock the strongest bolt.

Edwin. Then you may command me, and depend on my integrity; I shall not dread the consequence or danger, since if we fail they cannot make us greater prisoners than we are; if they take my life 'twill be a charity.

Henry. If I don't preserve both life and liberty, I'll resign my own; I want to be your friend.

Edwin. And I want liberty; propose your plan, I long to be in action.

SONG.

S O N G.

Who would not die

For liberty?

What wretch would bear to live a slave,

And fear the cord, the rack, or grave?

I will not bear,

Nor guiltless wear

The cruel chains of infamy;

No, no, I'd sooner die.

Henry. Then to the point: you have heard no doubt on what suspicion I was committed; the superstition of the rusticks, has possess'd 'em meerly from my appearance, that I deal in witchcraft.

Edwin. 'Twas that report that first excited me to visit you.

Henry. When I found they first suspected it, I endeavoured to make 'em believe that I really did, by threat'ning them in the most romantic phrases.—But I may depend on your integrity you say.

Edwin. You may, Sir, on the forfeit of my life.

Henry. Then, that you may not be deceived, I am not what I seem.

Edwin.

Edwin. Indeed I did suspect it.

Henry. No more on that head at present; but why I bear this character you shall know hereafter; be satisfied, you shall not remain a prisoner here another day; were I to declare myself they wou'd gladly give me liberty; yet as I have a reason for this strange project, I will go thro' it.

Edwin. You transport me with pleasure and astonishment.

Henry. What most concerns me is, there was a fair one in my company, whom they have imprison'd too, without the smallest circumstance of guilt, only that she was with me.

Edwin. There was the most lovely maid I ever saw brought this morning to the prison.

Henry. This morning!

Edwin. Scarce an hour since.

Henry. That's strange! has she not been here all night?

Edwin. I can assure you, no: Sightless and his wife brought her this morning; and when his worship left the prison, he gave the strictest orders to the jailor, that none shou'd see her but himself, which made me pity her indeed.

Henry. You amaze me! 'Sdeath, but this disturbs

disturbs me: could not one speak with the jailor?

Edwin. Most certainly: I'll call him hither if you please.

Henry. Sir, you'll much oblige me if you would.

[*Edwin goes off the stage and calls the jailor, and re-enters immediately.*]

Henry. Don't you think he might be prevailed upon to let us see her?

Edwin. I doubt it much: such men as him are generally strangers to humanity, and seldom will be moved to a good action by any thing but a bribe.

Henry. That he shall have with all my heart.

Edwin. Here he comes.

SCENE VII.

Enter Jailor.

Jailor. 'Swounds, master Edwin, you call with as much authority as his worship: What the plague is the matter with you? I thought you

you had been hanging yourself, and was calling me to cut you down.

Edwin. That is very probable to be sure.

Jailor. Why I wou'd have done it for you to be sure for my own sake.

Edwin. How for your own sake? what interest cou'd you have in that?

Jailor. What! why your carcase and your cloaths: the one I shou'd have got a trifle for from the surgeons, and the others I wou'd have fold to the rag-shop.

Henry. What a savage! Faith, my friend, you seem to have a good notion.

Jailor. Aye, han't I master?

Henry. Nobody a better—Methinks you and I shall agree very well.

Jailor. I don't know that tho'.

Henry. I dare say we shall: could you let me change a word or two with the young woman you had brought into prison this morning?

Jailor. No.—You speak with her hey? What should such an old codger as you want with a young woman? no, no, it won't do; it won't do.

Henry. Will this do? [*shows him money.*]

Jailor. Hey? why as you say—I don't know
but

but it may; they are pretty looking fellows enough seemingly.

Henry. Are they not? I thought you and I shou'd agree; I'm an excellent phyfician you fee; I know the ftrength of your constitution better than yourfelf you find.

Sailor. Why aye, you carry a pleafant kind of phyfic about you; few make a wry face at it, I fancy.

Henry. Don't I? Well, what do you fay; fhall we agree?

Sailor. I don't know what to fay to it; i'faith I'm almoft afraid.

Henry. Pshaw man, what shou'd you fear?

S O N G.

*Pray who can fay you are to blame,
Since all your betters do the fame?
My lord makes harveft of his place:
Then prithee where's the great difgrace?
The crime is fure not worfe in you,
Shou'd you purfue the maxim too:
For greater knaves at any hour,
Will for a bribe refrain their power.*

Jailor. Faith, dad, I like your notion; you seem to be a good hearty cock; give me your hand: you'll not blow me I hope? you understand me.

Henry. No, upon my honour.

Jailor. Why then 'tis agreed.

Henry. Then take your reward, and shew us the way: come my worthy friend, you must bear me company.

Jailor. You don't take him with you I hope.
[*meaning Edwin.*]

Henry. Yes, by all means.

Jailor. Nay with all my heart; tho' by the bye, take care his worship don't pop in upon you; I expect him here anon, he seems to have cast a longing eye upon her himself.

Henry. That will be lucky again, I shall be there to protect her: [*aside*] O never fear us, we'll take care of ourselves.

[*Without.*] Jailor! jailor!

Jailor. Coming, coming: here take the key; she is in the best room: you know the way master Edwin; and so good luck to you.

Henry. We thank you. [*Exit Henry and Edwin.*]

Jailor. Blame me but this is a good dose;
'Egad

'Egad I should like to take such physic every day.

[Exit Jailor.]

SCENE VII.

Changes to another part of the prison, and discovers Emma.

Emma. Surely the fates do mean to counteract all my hopes: how perplexing! I was enraptured with the highest expectation of seeing my Henry ere this, and now he is lost forever: wou'd I cou'd see the honest stranger once again; perhaps he might inform me where to send to him; for did he but know the perilous situation I am in, he would surely think of some way to release me. Alas! should the tidings reach my father's ears, I am undone.

S O N G.

Come, come, my Henry to my aid,

Release thy poor distracted maid:

For thee these trials do I bear,

But O! how cruel and severe.

SCENE VIII.

Henry and Edwin enter in conversation.

Henry. You understand me?

Edwin. Perfectly—behold the fair one.

Henry. O my delight! but thou shalt grieve no more: I am convinced.

Emma. [*seeing them*] Bless me! the stranger's here: surely he o'erheard my prayers.

Henry. Pardon me, thou lovely fair one, for intruding on you thus, for I am more concerned for your misfortune than my own: I could not rest 'till I had seen you once again.

Emma. Nay you are welcome, for you talk'd of Henry.

Henry. As we broke off so abruptly in our conversation relating to that youth, I have taken this opportunity, with your permission, to renew it.

Emma. O you are kind indeed!—Is this a friend of Henry's too?

Henry. He is.

Emma. Then he is most welcome. [*Edwin bows.*]

Henry.

Henry. And is it possible amidst your present perils and calamity, you can think so much of Henry.

Emma. I think of nothing else.

Henry. Then shall he know how much thy truth outrates his highest expectations; for tho' I spoke unkindly of his worth, I but dissembled, he loves with equal warmth, and seldom speaks but you he makes his theme: he will be transported with your virtue, and shall know it.

Emma. Know it! alas, which way?

Henry. I have a stratagem on foot for your escape, if you will assist me in it, I will instantly convey you to your banished man.

Emma. I'll risk my life on such a promise.

Henry. His worship will be here to visit you anon: leave this gentleman and me to manage him, and doubt not of success.

Emma. May heaven prosper your endeavours.

Henry. And hark, he comes! we'll retire from his sight a while 'till we seize our opportunity.

[*Henry and Edwin retire.*]

Emma. Alas! I tremble at the task.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sightless.

Sight. Well, my little rogue, how do you find yourself by this time?

Emma. Not very well you may suppose, Sir, in my present situation.

Sight. I fear not; I fear not indeed: but you shou'd not have been here if I cou'd have help'd it: my wife, you see is a terrible woman; she will be obey'd.

Emma. And your compliance, Sir, was a proof of your humility and justice.

Sight. Well said, sweetee, well said; and so it was: I wish she was dead tho' by the bye; I'd make thee the happier for it: nay, I'll make thee happy now, if thou'lt love me.

Emma. That I never can.

Sight. Ah, but you must, and you shall; 'sdeath, if you don't I'll make you.

Emma. Inded, Sir, I never can.

Sight. But you must, and you shall: I have it in my power, and I'll make thee huffy; or I'll—come, come, I won't be angry; give me

a buff, and I'll forgive thee. [*He endeavours to kiss her.*]

Henry and Edwin come behind him, tie a handkerchief over his eyes, and drag him off the stage.

Emma. Heavens! how will this end! I dread the consequence!

Re-enter Henry and Edwin, Henry in the Justice's cloaths.

Henry. Now, now, my fair one, if you'll take your liberty you shall have it; in this disguise I can command your discharge.

Emma. I'll embrace the opportunity, tho' I dread it.

Henry. You, my good and faithful friend, may expect your liberty without delay: I'll return and make example of his worship presently.

[Exit Henry and Emma at one door, and Edwin at the other.]

SCENE

SCENE X.

Discovers Sightless gagg'd, with his hands ty'd behind him, making a noise and stamping about the stage.

Enter Jailor.

Jailor. Hallow! what the devil is the matter with you old boy? What do you make such a damn'd noise for? Did not I tell you to take care of his worship? You a conjurer! you a devil! by the bye, now he is blindfolded with his hands tied, I've a good mind to pick his pockets: [*aside*] Hey! let me look again—by the lord 'tis his worship himself: the old one has play'd him a trick:—shall I release him or no? [*Sightless makes a noise again*] Coming, your worship: blame me I must release. [*Jailor releases him.*]

Sight. Oh the damn'd villains! where are they gone? I'll have 'em all hang'd: go bring 'em to me directly.

Jailor. And please worship, I'm afraid they're off.

Sight

Sight. Off! who's off?

Jailor. Why, and please your worship, the young woman and Mr. Wizzard, as they call him.

Sight. What, have you let 'em out?

Jailor. Blame me if I did not take him for your worship, having your worship's cloaths on.

Sight. And you have let them out then?

Jailor. O yes, your worship, they are off indeed!

Sight. Then if you don't find 'em again you shall be hang'd in their stead, mark that; but where's the rest? there were half a dozen of 'em I believe.

Jailor. I fancy not, and please your worship? I don't believe there was any body in company with him but master Edwin and the girl.

Sight. Edwin! what have you let him out too?

Jailor. No, your worship.

Sight. That's lucky, that's lucky; he shall be hang'd for the rest, that's some comfort: after the others, you dog!

[Exit Jailor.]

SONG.

S O N G.

O I'll be reveng'd if I live ;

I'll never, no never forgive

Such scandalous treatment as this :

Was there e'er such a knave

On this side the grave,

To gag up the jaws of Justice ?

[Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Plain.

Henry and Emma, Henry yet in Sightless's
cloaths.

Henry.

NOW we are safe I hope; and as I have promised, you shall find I'll keep my word: see you yond grove? thither go, and as sure as truth thy Henry shall meet thee there: I'll bring him with me ere you well arrive yourself.

Emma. May Heaven bless you if you do.—
My Henry! shall I see my banished Henry!

[Exit Emma.]

Henry. And he shall meet the too, thou matchless fair one, with a heart as warm as ever glow'd with love.

SONG.

S O N G.

O what a jewel can compare

With the taintless heart :

No polished gem is half so fair,

As Emma without art.

[Exit Henry.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Jailor, Constable, and Husbandmen.

Jailor. Aye, aye, this must be the way.

Constable. 'Sniggins, if we shou'd take 'em it wou'd be rare sport.

Jailor. Edad, an we don't it will be bad sport for me tho', if his worship keeps his word.

[An hollowing without.]

Constable. Hallow ! hallow ! who be you when you're ready ?

Jailor. Fetter me but 'tis his worship himself.

Constable. In troth and so it is—well the more the merrier I say : God bless his worship, he's a good natured gentleman, I say he is.

Jailor. You say he is, that's a sign you know much

much of the matter to be sure; I'm afraid we shall see little of his good nature 'till we have taken the wizzard and his wench again; but mum—here he comes.

Enter Sightless.

Sight. Well, my brave lads, what news?

Jailer. An't please your worship, we met an old fellow just now, who told us he saw 'em on this road together.

Sight. Away with you then, away with you; don't stand here, but after 'em, or they'll be gone to the devil else.

Constable. Your worship will follow I hope?

Sight. Aye, Aye, I'll follow, I'll follow; away with you, away!

Exeunt all but Sightless.

S O N G.

By the Lord, if I take 'em once more,

I'll hold 'em as fast as old nick:

I'll fetter the son of a whore,

And make him pay dear for his trick.

SCENE III.

Discovers Emma in a grove.

Emma. I'm distress'd 'tween hope and fear,
in doubt if Henry will meet me here or not,
and in fear the stranger may deceive me.

S O N G.

DUETT O.

She. Ye gentle ministers above,
Who rule the heart and guide the eye:
Once more restore me to my love,
Or Emma soon, too soon must die.

SCENE IV.

Henry enters in a shepherd's dress, and lays hold of
her hand; Emma starts.

He. O live! O live! thou dearest maid,
And think of grief and death no more:
No, no, that lilly ne'er shall fade,
If I've the power to restore.

Emma.

Emma. My Henry!

Henry. Come to his heart, thou truest maid!

[*Embracing.*]

Emma. Blest be the hand that pointed me the way : blest be the tongue that told me where to come.

Henry. Rather blest be she that followed such a guide with such unequall'd faith.

Emma. Wou'd I cou'd see the worthy friend again, that I might think of some reward.

Henry. Nay, in truth thou ow'st him none ; for thou hast over paid him for his pains.

Emma. Alas, I've paid him nothing!

Henry. Indeed, indeed thou hast ! I was thy guide, thy lover, and thy friend!

Emma. Is it possible ?

Henry. It is, and true. [*A noise at a distance.*]

Emma. Ah me ! we're ta'en again ; for see the hateful crew has trac'd us hither,

Henry. So much the better ; 'tis just as I wou'd wish.

Emma. So much the better ?

Henry. Fear not my love, there is no danger ; they will be glad to let us go again : I beg, my love, that you will not shew one sign of fear ;

for as sure as you are fair, so sure you'll find no danger: Shall I swear?

Emma. No, no, I have no further doubt; I will not fear: if Henry says it, Emma must believe.

Henry. Generous maid! that we may not be overcome, I've previously sent for certain friends of mine to meet me there.

Emma. Friends! alas, what friends?

Henry. Anon you shall know all: the Justice is a knave, and I'll expose him to the world; but here come his brainless instruments: I'll divert myself with their stupidity; and seem to make resistance: pray be cheerful, and all will be well.

SCENE V.

Enter Jailor, Constable, Peasants, &c.

Jailor. Oh! by the king of good luck here's ma'am! with a new acquaintance faith; but where's the old one? tho' by the bye I fancy she'll be the most welcome prize to his worship, and therefore I'll secure her first: come, miss,

if

if you please, you shall go back again to his worship with me.

Henry. Go back to his worship! for what?

Jailor. For what! O his worship will tell you presently: he will be here in a trice.

Henry. His worship is a knave, and you're a fool: tell him I say so.

Jailor. Why, you dog, if you say so again I'll take you to jail along with her.

Henry. I'll say it and prove it.

Jailor. You will?

Henry. I will.

Jailor. And so you shall, my lad; if you don't you shall see I'll prove you a fool presently—lay hold of him.

[*Constable, &c. seize him.*]

Constable. His worship's a knave, is he! and you'll prove it! a pretty fellow indeed!

Jailor. If he does I'll be hang'd.

Henry. You shall all be hang'd if I don't.

Jailor. Aye, aye, who'll hang me, pray?

Henry. I will.

Jailor. I'll give you leave to do that, my boy, when you please; but I fancy the gallows is groaning for you already.

Henry. Hands off I say!

S O N G.

Ye villains let me go,

Or ye too soon shall know,

I'll make ye glad to do it:

Ye blockheads let me pass,

His worship is an afs,

And I will make him rue it.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Sightless's footman.

Footman. What have ye got 'em again?

Jailor. Aye part of 'em; and an impudent fellow here, who calls his worship a knave and an afs.

Footman. His worship an afs! 'swords he'll be hang'd?

Jailor. I'll take care of that.

Henry. You'd better take care of yourself.

Jailor. Ne'er plague your head about that. What have you done with his worship? [*to the Footman.*]

Footman. He was tired to death, and went back again with some gentry we met, who
came

came from the lord knows where, to have a look at the wizzard.

Sailor. They're come a day after the fair then: I wish we had got the old dog; it wou'd be a few pence in my pocket.

Henry. That's very good; [*aside to Emma*] Come, why don't you lead us to prison? Why do you keep us both here?

Sailor. You're in a hurry methinks: you're the strangest hand I ever met with; but I'll oblige you for once; so come, come along. Constable you'd better hike after the old one, and take one or two along with you; then if you take him the prize will be your own you know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Cottage.

Enter Robin.

Robin. Lud, what a dangerous thing it is to meddle with other folk's matters! mocking is catching, that saying is true enough: Sue and I,

I, forsooth, were only trying to make Allan a little jealous or so; but her kisses have stuck so close to my lips, and her good natured looks, I am afraid have bewitched me. Now, as one may say, I find myself over head and ears in love: ratt'un, I don't know what to make on't; I wish I had not meddled with her: and yet somehow, I don't wish so neither: 'edad, an I thought she cou'd love me, I shou'd be mainly pleas'd: I'll have a trial for her; I'm a little uneasy about her too; and yet I'm strangely pleas'd methinks—I'm most certainly in love, that's flat.—Sue has something more than herself to give away too; old Quickset, her father, has got a few good pounds by him I warrant me; and that is all Allan is in love with, in my opinion.

S O N G.

I'm in love, lack a day! to be sure,

I'm afraid I shall find it too true;

But where shall I find out a cure,

Except from a kiss of dear Sue?

How Allan will laugh at me now!

I call'd him so often a fool:

And yet I can't help it I vow,

For I'm pinn'd like a dunce to my stool.

Odds niggins, here they come together; I'll
 slip behind this bush, and hear what they say.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Allan and Sue.

Allan. Why surely Sue, you cannot love Ro-
 bin; if you do you are strangely bit: he never
 lov'd a girl in his life, and always laugh'd at
 every body else that did: I'm sure you only do
 it to plague me now.

Sue. Nor you don't love Dolly Hedger to be
 sure: don't think to deceive me Allan; she has
 told me of all your tricks; you have just served
 her as you have me; but you shall never deceive
 me again: love Robin indeed! if he was here
 I'd give him my hand before thy face.

[Robin runs between them; and takes Sue
 by the hand; Sue screams out.

Robin. I dad that's bravely said; I'll take it,
 and thank thee to boot: I'm always ready to
 receive a good bargain, you see.

Allan. Prithee make free with thy own, man.

Robin. Why so I do; she said she'd be mine;
 besides,

besides, she's none of your's, you never deserved her.

Allan. Don't I?

Robin. No you don't; you've got twenty and deceive 'em all; and that girl is a fool that believes you, say what you will.

Sue. He seems to be in earnest! [*aside.*]

Allan. But say what you will, they will believe me.

Sue. You're a conceited fool now for your pains; you shall find yourself mistaken in me however, if there was not another man in the world.

Robin. Especially when there is another at hand that loves you so well.

Allan. Now who wou'd deceive her?

Robin. Why you if she wou'd let you.

Allan. You love her, hey?

Robin. Yes, I love her.

Sue. Nay, Robin, now, I am sure you deceive me.

Robin. Murrins take me if I do.

Sue. Nay now, you make me laugh: I never heard you talk of loving before.

Allan. I shou'd like mainly to know what kind of love it wou'd be.

Robin.

Robin. Shou'd you? why I'd marry her directly, and make her a good husband when I'd done; that is more than you can do in my opinion.

Sue. Nay, Robin, don't joke too far.

S O N G.

O I can ne'er believe

Another of your sex;

You promise, to deceive,

You love but to perplex.

Tis cruel and unkind,

To trifle, toy and play,

When all you've in your mind

Serves only to betray.

Robin. Why look you Sue, I never lov'd a girl in my life before, I confess, and shou'd not have lov'd you now, in my opinion, had I not seen you so often made a fool of by another; and always knowing thee to be an honest, modest, good-natur'd lass, I cou'd not help loving thee, somehow.

Allan. Will you believe him Sue? ha, ha, ha.

Sue.

Sue. I don't know what to say to it—I've a good mind. [*aside.*]

Robin. She'll be a fool, if she believes thee any more however.

Sue. You seem to be in earnest methinks.

Robin. An I be'ant I'll be hang'd: if you think you can love me, give me your hand, and you shan't doubt me any longer.

Sue. Why, what wilt do man?

Robin. Do! What I ought, to be sure.

Allan. What is that pray?

Robin. What's that! why I'll tell you again and again: I'd take her to church directly, and not stand sniv'ling and playing for a twelve-month, and deceive her when I've done.—If she'll give me her hand, you shall see if I don't.

Sue. Then take it and welcome.

Robin. Blessings on thee! that's kindly said.

Allan. Why, Sue, thou art not in earnest sure?

Sue. Indeed but I am.

Allan. Pshaw, pshaw, don't make a fool of one.

Sue. You've made one of me long enough.

Allan. But you won't marry him Sue?

Robin. Aye, but she will tho'.

SONG.

S O N G.

Come follow to church and you'll see,

I'll make her a wife

For the rest of her life,

And she a kind husband of me.

At night when we merrily trip,

You may come to the wake,

And taste the bride-cake,

But never more taste of her lip.

[Exit Robin and Sue.

Allan. Odds heart what shall I do! who cou'd have thought it! I'm almost ready to hang myself.—If he marries her I'll make a cuckold of him, as sure as he's born.

[Exit Allan.

S C E N E IX.

The Prison.

Edwin solus.

Edwin. Sure fate has doom'd me to inevitable destruction: every effort that I've made to

VOL. I.

H

restore

restore my liberty has unfortunately proved the means of making me still more a prisoner: the stranger, my fair-spoken ally, is not yet return'd, and night is near at hand: Sightless, who never wanted spur to prick him on to cruelty, now will aggravate each circumstance, which he thinks will reach my life.—Well, if my friend shou'd ne'er return again, I'm likely to be releas'd by death.

S O N G.

Like one benighted and forlorn,

No guide to point my way,

Who wishes the return of morn,

Or Cynthia's silver ray,

With fear he steps and looks around,

At ev'ry tree retreats:

He trembles at each fancy'd sound,

And ev'ry bush he meets.

Shou'd fate have doom'd him to his end,

In vain for light he calls;

In vain he asks for guide or friend,

When down the steep he falls.

[Exit Edwin.]

SCENE

S C E N E X.

Sightless's house, a tree with a bench before it.

Enter Sightless, Ethelia, Attenlant and Foresters.

Sight. Here, fair lady, is my house, such as it is: will you do me the honour to walk in and give me your good company? My wife is a little jealous, or so; but you need not mind that: pray walk in; it won't be long, I dare say, before we have our conjuring gentleman again.

Eth. I thank you, Sir, there's a pleasant air abroad which is very agreeable; with your leave, I had much rather rest me here a little. [*sits down on the bench.*]

Sight. By the by, I'm not sorry for that neither: it may save me a supper perhaps. [*aside.*] Why, as you say, Madam, it is very pleasant to be sure: this is a favourite tree of mine; I often make it my bench of authority, and try my criminals here.

Eth. Beneath this tree!

Sight. Aye, marry do I: this tree was set by a grandfather of mine, and has had many a rebel hung upon it since he died; and if I shou'd once more meet with this wizard again, he shall have the honour of hanging upon it himself, and you shall have the pleasure of seeing him, if you please: I am sure you never saw a greater rogue hang'd in your life; and I've got another in prison at present shall keep him company.

S O N G.

*I'll hang 'em, I'll hang 'em together,
And gibbet them both when I've done,
To be batter'd about with the weather,
And melted away with the sun.*

*I'll hang 'em both here, I declare it,
With a fatal inscription before 'em;
I'd have ev'ry mortal beware it,
And dread an high judge of the Quorum.*

Æth. Sure you'll not hang him, Sir?

Sight. Not burn him you mean! hang him!
O yes, you may depend upon that.

[*The tabor and pipe heard without.*]

Æth. What call you these, Sir?

Sight.

Sight. Some fool has got himself married I suppose; if he has got him as good a wife as mine, he had better staid a little longer, and have been hang'd with Mr. Wizard and Co.

Enter Robin, Sue and others, dancing after the tabor and pipe across the stage; they pull off their hats as they pass.

Away with ye, away with ye; you had need be merry forsooth: I hate to see such a parcel of fools.

Æth. I must confess it gives me infinite pleasure to see them so happy.

Sight. Aye, but how will they look by and by? that's the joke.

Æth. That we cannot tell; a good heart ever makes a pleasant eye.

Sight. If that be true, your ladyship's a good heart of your own, for you have a main pleasant eye, I can tell you that.

Æth. You've a pleasant tongue of your own to tell me so; how true I will not say; nor will I thank you for the compliment, because that wou'd be accepting of what I don't deserve.

Sight. Troth but you do deserve it; and

therefore must accept on't, and as a rarity too; for I seldom give my compliments away without return.

Æth. Then you sell 'em, I presume.

Sight. No, no, lack a day, not I; when I compliment a lady, I mean to get a kiss if I can, when a man—

Æth. His money I suppose?

Sight. Hum, ah, why sometimes, as one may say, on some occasions or so: faith she's a sweet one! and as wise as a judge; she'll be too much for me if I don't take care:—what a chance had I here now were I not married!—O plague on that bitter old jade at home I say, she's a tough one, or the devil wou'd have had her ere now. [*aside.*]

Æth. I wonder we have not seen my brother yet. [*to her attendant.*]

Atten. It is very strange!

[*A noise without.*]

Sight. O here they come! here they come! now you shall see the very devil himself.

Æth. I shall beg to be excused the sight.

Sight. Don't fear, madam, don't fear; I've too much power over his devilship, than to let him do so sweet a lady any harm.

Æth.

Eth. I shall not fear that devil much that is afraid of you.

SCENE XI.

Enter Henry and Emma, guarded by the Jailor, &c.

Sight. So, madam Gad-about, you have found your way back again! but where is the son of old Beelzebub, the wizard?

Jailor. And please your worship we have not ta'en him yet; master Constable and two or three more are after him: I suppose they will bring him anon: I thought it best to bring young madam back first, lest she might give us the slip again.

Sight. Right, lad, right: but who have you here?

Jailor. One of the wizard's acquaintance, I find: my lady and he were together.

Sight. What is he? and where does he come from?

Jailor. I don't know, and please your worship; they were together, as I said; and when
I talk'd

I talk'd of taking her away, he began to abuse me, and call'd your worship a fool and an afs.

Sight. An afs! an impudent rascal! I'll afs you firrah! I'll afs you, ye villain, I will! you shall prove me anafs or I'll prove you a goose.

Henry. That your worship's an afs needs no proof, or a goat rather.

Sight. Sirrah! firrah! how dare you talk to me in this manner? dost know who thou art talking to?

Henry. Perfectly well.

Sight. Tie him neck and heels, an impudent scoundrel! and to prison with him.

[*They seize hold of Henry.*]

Henry. Nay, give me leave to strip first.

[*Henry discovers himself.*]

Henry. Now, Sir, I'm at your service: I was the wizard.

Æth. My brother! astonishment!

Sight. Lord Henry!

Emma. My Henry a lord!

Sight. Mercy upon me! what will become of me?

Henry. Why don't you put your threats in practice Justice? where are your ropes and your gibbets? methinks your worship cools upon it:
what,

what, not a word? shame on thee! well may'st thou stiffen with thy guilt! I cou'd forgive thy imprisonment and insolence to me; but when I think on thy ungenerous and execrable behaviour to this lady, my temper catches fire at the deed, and whets me to revenge.

Sight. Ah, your lordship! mercy! mercy! we are all frail.

Henry. But not all villains too I hope, like thee: nay, be ever dumb: can there be excuse for thee! old and full of sin.—What would have been thy guilt, if fortune had not thrown me in the way to avert thy design, when like a monster as thou art, thou threaten'dst to force this fair one to compliance: is it possible thou canst form an excuse for such a crime? no, no, tho' her beauty's so divine, that saints beholding her might break off their prayers, and beg to taste the perfume of her lips.—Come! come to my heart! thou matchless piece of fortitude and love! [*embraces*] with heaven's will and thine, we'll part no more.

Emma. Nay, then let danger threaten as it lists.

Æt. I'm all astonishment and wonder!

Henry. O sister! take this jewel to thy breast;
for

for she's a paragon of constancy: I've tried her truth, and, like the purest gold, have found her speckless: she has gone a pilgrimage for me by day and night, thro' all the perils of the dreary wild, and never faulter'd in a word or thought. Here, take her, Æthelia, for she is one you long have wish'd to see:—behold the matchless Nut-brown Maid!

Æth. Indeed! then you could not have presented me with a maid more welcome. [*embraces her.*]

Emma. So kind a saying from so fair a friend, delights me much.

Æth. Tho' my expectations were other than I've met, I'm far more pleas'd in the disappointment.

Henry. That's kindly said; so generous an acknowledgment deserves a good return; nor shall you find me backward to be grateful; I'll endeavour to repay, tho' what I give may prove unwelcome.

Æth. Where is the need? why wou'd you lessen my regard, by thinking I have an interest in my love?

Henry. Mistake me not, I only wish you happy as myself.

Æth.

Æth. That you know can never be, since you are in possession of the dearest object of your heart, and mine is lost forever.

Emma. Alas! I pity you from my soul!

Henry. Never despair: with his worship's leave I'll take the liberty to send for a gentleman, a friend of mine, and a most intimate acquaintance of the man you love; who, I am persuaded, can give you some account; nay, will convince you he still survives and loves you.

Æth. Heavens! what do I hear!

Henry. What says your worship? will you condescend to oblige me?

Sight. In any thing your lordship shall please to ask: 'sheart, I'm glad he's so pleasant, 'faith.

[*aside.*]

Henry. Then send this instant for that injured youth, whose tale I fain wou'd hear again, that you may be a weeping auditor like me.

Sight. Who may your lordship mean?

Henry. The gentleman that help'd me to escape.

Emma. What means my Henry?

Æth. You make me tremble with conjecture: pray unfold the mystery, and ease me of suspense.

Henry. The prisoner shall unriddle all; have
patience

patience but a little while, and you'll be paid for it.—Your worship seems to hesitate: I've not been us'd to ask a favour twice, and therefore must demand him now: send for him, I say, or take his place yourself for the refusal.

Sight. Oh, I'll send for him to be sure, my lord.—Poor soul!—Jailor go fetch him hither directly. [*Exit Jailor.*] I hope your lordship did not doubt my sending for him.—Oh that I had hang'd him a twelvemonth ago, and then he wou'd not have stood in judgment against me now! [*aside.*]

Henry. How fares my Emma? she seems impatient.—O let no thought but joy intrude upon the best of minds.—Sister, be chearful; I'll make you smile before we part: you came to see a wizard, you'll allow; and that you may not be disappointed quite, I'll prove myself a conjurer at least.

Emma. If one who deals in mysteries be such, you are a conjurer indeed.—O this provoking curiosity! but I'm sure it bodes no ill since my Henry is concerned.

SONG.

S O N G.

*No more shall doubts invade my breast,
No more thro' woods and wilds I'll roam,
For Emma's heart shall be at rest,
While Henry's bosom proves it's home.*

*Where late the owl and nightingale,
Made night with double gloom appear;
There shall my Henry tell his tale,
And e'ry grove and valley cheer.*

Æth. Alas, what can it mean! my heart
seems conscious of some strange event; I'm all
surmise and fear.

Henry. And here comes one will tell you
what it means.

Sight. Ah, poor soul! here he comes!

S C E N E XII.

Enter Edwin.

Æth. Edwin!

Edwin. Æthelia! lord Henry!

VOL. I.

I

Æth.

Æth. From oblivion or the grave return'd!

Henry. From oblivion, if you please *Æthelia*; but as great a stranger to the grave as you.

Emma. Is the gentleman an acquaintance of your sister's then?

Henry. He is, my love, the most intimate one in the world; and yet you see they hardly speak to one another.

Emma. Alas, I pity their confusion.

Henry. Edwin, thy hand—there is *Æthelia*, she is most glad to see thee, tho' ashamed to own it yet, because her passion is a secret one: thou art inclin'd to speak I know, but thy misfortunes, and appearance, I perceive, make thee set too light a value on thyself: excuse me Edwin, I am as much thy friend as ever, and am overjoy'd to see thee; my sister there is something more than friend, and she of course is glad to see thee too; I have presum'd to speak your inclinations, and flatter myself was pretty near the mark.

Edwin. For me, my lord, you have spoken as if some friendly genius had whisper'd in my ear the dictates of my heart: but can *Æthelia* think on one so poor, so sad as I? tho' I must
confess

confess the loss of her has been the greatest sorrow that I've felt, when barr'd from liberty and light.

Æth. Nay then, my every doubt is hush'd; nor will I blush to own, when 'midst the gayest pageantry of life, I felt a sorrow for my Edwin's loss I never cou'd overcome.

Edwin. What do I hear! Oh, I cou'd live upon the sound forever! love in spite of fortune and her frowns, now makes me bold, and in *Æthelia's* name, I feast on bliss eternal.

Henry. Now, sister, I hope you'll own I've a good knack at wizardizing?

Edwin. Is it possible you cou'd assume that character so well?

Henry. As sure as you are here, thro' my enchantment.

Emma. What cou'd have been your motive first?

Henry. Your beauty was the motive, and your matchless constancy has prov'd the great reward, and confuted my every doubt of woman's love.—O 'tis such extasy of bliss to find the maid I love, the fairest of her sex, so true, so faithful, and so kind.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Mrs. Sightless.

Mrs. Sight. Where is she? a jade! an impudent hussy!

[Sightless stops her, and claps his hand upon her mouth.]

Sight. 'Swounds, are you mad! don't you see who's before you!

Henry. Pray Sir let her go on: let us hear what the good lady has to say.

Mrs. Sight. Nothing.

Sight. Nothing is a good answer; 'tis the soonest said you know my lord.

Henry. I wish I had no more to say to you; but in justice to this injured gentleman, I must have a further hearing on his account; 'till when I shall beg you'll accept his lodgings for yourself, a night or two, which you have so generously bestow'd on him this twelvemonth past.

Mrs. Sight. This is all your own doings.—
I thought

I thought what it wou'd come to, I'll be hang'd if I did'nt.—O mercy on me!

Sight. My lord! your lordship!—for heaven's sake! for my wife's sake!

Henry. I have no time to hear you now; therefore, Mr. Jailor, I beg you'd take care of his worship: give him this gentleman's apartments; keep the locks fast upon him, and on the peril of your own life, that you give him liberty, 'till you hear from me: here is something for encouragement; I know you love a bribe. [*gives him money.*]

Jailor. God bless your honour my lord: I hope your honour, my lord, will not let me be brought into a scrape for it.

Henry. Take care of his worship, I say; and you've nothing to fear.

Jailor. Enough said my lord: I'll take care of him, I warrant you.—Upon my soul, your worship, I'm sorry for it; but I can't help it you see, therefore your worship had better be budging to crib and make the best on't.

Mrs. Sight. O what distraction is this! [*cries bitterly.*]

Henry. Away with 'em jailor; I'm sick of their company.

Failor. Your worship had better take heart.

Sight. O what a pickle I'm in!

[*Exeunt Sightless, Mrs. Sightless,
and Failor.*]

Henry. Now naught but pleasure and delight
shall crown the coming hours.

Edwin. And lo! the villagers appear, with
pipe and tabor; see they come this way.

Henry. They shall be welcome all: come, my
Edwin, the sound of joy shall drive each dull
and languid vapour hence; whilst Emma, the
dearest treasure of my heart, and mind, shall be
the burden of each rustic's song.

S O N G.

Hen. Now let ev'ry swain appear,

*Come, come, ye maidens far and near,
With hearts elate, exempt from care,
From wuke, from harvest-home and fair.*

C H O R U S.

*Then let a pageant wreath be made,
To crown the matchless Nut-brown Maid, &c.*

A month

*A month of holidays we'll keep ;
 Each love-sick maid shall cease to weep :
 No jealous doubts shall e'er infect
 A lover's heart, or break his rest.*

C H O R U S.

*Then let a pageant wreath be made,
 To crown the matchless Nut-brown Maid.*

MOMUS.

M O M U S,
A
P O E M:
O R, A
CRITICAL EXAMINATION
INTO THE
MERITS of the PERFORMERS,
AND
COMIC PIECES,
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAY-MARKET.

M O M U S

M O M U S

O F A

CHEMICAL EXAMINATION

OF THE

MATERIALS

AND

COMIC PICTURES

THE

THE

M O M U S.

NO more shall Monkey's mimicry engage;
No more shall Cats and Dogs usurp the stage*,
See *Momus*' sons, a single unit higher,
Divert the town with their detraactive fire,
While patents royal are to *Merit* thrown,
To please Sir *Francis*† and a tasteless town.

See *Foot*e the foremost of the mimic race,
Amuse the town with scandal and grimace;
While private characters each scene adorn,
Held up by him to meet the public scorn.

Where custom's brought on some peculiar mode
Of speech, or air, out of the common road;

* Alluding to Signior Placido's Monkey, &c.

† Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

If but deficient in a leg or eye,
 Or, from misfortune, chance to look awry,
 This *maimed* mimick, favour'd so by fate,
 That he might still more truly imitate;
 With self-vain zeal a stupid laugh to raise,
 He with a low audacity conveys
 His borrow'd puns, with a sarcastic face,
 Join'd by the meanest of the acting race,
 Without restraint his dearest friends expose,—
 But *Foote* and friendship are eternal foes.

Never did folly, with such sway, maintain
 Her seat, and, with her baby rattle, reign
 Over *Apollo* and his laurell'd sons,
 With *glees* and *catches*, *mimicry* and *puns*.
 Like the loud quack, in some small country town,
 Who, with his fool, entices ev'ry clown;
 Displays his pranks, his filthy nostrums vends,
 And, with a *puff*, their quality commends:
 So *Foote* his own loud brazen trumpet blows,
 And would, like him, his trash for wit impose:
 As wrecks and rubbish follow ev'ry tide,
 So ev'ry blockhead joins the laughing side.

Blest with a face of humour, to engage
 At once a drooping, and a laughing age,

Shuter

Shuter with some pretensions to a name,
 Stands forth distinguish'd in the book of fame:
 The grateful public will for humour take
 Whatever blunder he may chance to make;
 Who, fond of laughter, oddity and whim,
 Have fix'd the mask of Comedy on him.

With face by *Bacchus* and by *Venus* marr'd,
 For he with both the mighty powers warr'd;
 In word expressive, and in gesture dry,
 In action simple, with a meaning eye,
 See *Weston* gravely force the hearty smile,
 Nor pall with low buffoonery the while:
 Whene'er in *Sneak* or *Drugger* he appears,
Garrick attends with patient eyes and ears,
 And owns his humour natural and true,
 For *Garrick* must give genius her due.

See *Dibble Davis* better half the year
 A mere poltroon—a hero how appear!
 Unnotic'd and obscure he struts unknown,
 An utter stranger to the injur'd town,
 'Till *Foote*, his patron, *impotent* and *wise*,
 At once convinces each beholder's eyes,
 That merit oft beneath oppression dwells,
 For see how *Davis* now himself excells.

Aim-well, Cassio, nay, and many more,
 Such parts were never acted so before,
 And that my Muse may shew her meaning plain,
 Hopes ne'er to see 'em murder'd so again.

An arrant stroller, from the lord knows where,
 A true itinerant, now here, now there,
 Who oft from barn to barn, from town to town,
 Ten nights has labour'd for a single crown;
 See *Bannister* assume (unaw'd by shame)
 A mimic's vile and despicable name;
 For *Bannister* a *Wilkinson* would be,
 But can't so truly imitate as he.
 To ape the manner of some better play'r,
 An act ungen'rous, at the best, unfair;
 Why should one actor villainously try
 To damn another in the public eye?
 Either by malice or by envy led,
 To hurt his brother in his fame or bread?
 When to the world 'tis evidently known,
 He ne'er could boast a method of his own.
 Such are a pest and scandal to the stage,
 And who but *Foote* would any such engage?
 For all must own the stage was ne'er design'd
 To point at this, or that, but all mankind.

E'en

E'en devotees must own the stage of use,
Where it don't leave *instruction* for *abuse*.

Led by conceit, and fond of stage applause,
Yet stands condemn'd, if judg'd by acting laws;
With face, nor voice, nor action, to commend,
Or win one single auditor his friend;
See *Sowden*, great in capitals, appear,
Disgust the eye and grate the dullest ear;
For he most surely, of all human kind,
Was ne'er by nature for the stage design'd:
Long in *Hibernia* has he trod the field,
Where judgment oft to prejudice must yield,
And with no small indulgence and regard,
Tho' ev'ry night some noble part he marr'd.
See him return, declining, and in age,
Riding, his only Hobby-horse, the stage,
And with a boyish zeal the toy embrace,
Tho' time with years has wrinkled o'er his face.

Of vulgar accent, and of bully's *pink*,
A rolling siddle, with a *knowing* wink,
Coarse and robust, who might perhaps engage,
Had he been cast on the *Broughtonian* stage:
Palmer, self-confident, attempts to please,
In high-wrote parts of elegance and ease;

But like to him, who roll'd the stone in vain,
 Will ne'er the summit of his hopes attain;
 Yet must we own him some small share of praise,
 When *Bruin*, *Loader*, and such parts he plays;
 He's sure to please while in this line he steers,
 For in such parts he still *himself* appears.
 Then let him ever in that track remain,
 Where he is sure, some small applause to gain,
 And never more in gentlemen and beaux,
 Disgrace the stage, the author and the cloaths.

Barry, each season, might delight the town,
 But that we've better actors of our own:
 Yet think not, *Barry*, that I will disgrace,
 Or mean to herd him with the common race;
 He is an *Actor* ev'ry judge must own,
 And long has prov'd the fav'rite of the town,
 'Till *Powell* chanc'd within his walk to tread,
 And pluck'd the blooming laurel from his head:
 Yet in *Othello* must each actor yield,
 There even *Garrick* must give up the field:
 All own him for the part by nature fram'd,
 And think of *Barry* when *Othello's* nam'd.

Not so thy son, when in each part he tries,
 To copy thee, too oft from nature flies;

Yet

Yet will it faintly bear the name of fault,
 To follow close the manners we are taught:
 From thee, his ev'ry method he conceiv'd,
 From thee, each *beauty* and each fault receiv'd,
 Nor should we deem him destitute of art,
 Did he with decency perform *one* part.

O could my ardent, yet unwilling muse,
 Obtain one kind and plausible excuse,
 And, without censure, be indulg'd to spare,
 And overlook the errors of the fair—
 But chaste *Affrea* guides my feeble hand,
 And will not listen to my warm demand.

Blest with a form of elegance and ease,
 Two requisites that must for ever please,
 Who for a season might perhaps engage,
 When *Yates*, awhile, retires from the stage:
 See *Dancer* now each high-rate part possess,
 And try to picture virtue and distress,
 But judgment seems to leave her in the dark,
 Whene'er she aims to hit the doubtful mark.

With bold presumption, in despite of shame,
Jefferies attempts to join the rank of fame,

And void of judgment, attitude and speech,
 She aims at characters above her reach;
 When poor *Alicia* with distraction raves,
 And calls for racks, for thunderbolts, and graves;
 Did *Cinderilla* ever scold so well,
 When in her airs she bids you *go to hell*?
 When drove by love and passion and despair,
 And having lost all hopes, begins to swear;
 So sad *Alicia*, when by *Jefferies* play'd,
 A mere impetuous termagant is made.
 Forgive me, *Jefferies*, if I speak my mind,
 True satire never leaves one fault behind;
 But since she's brought thy errors forth to view,
 So shall she speak of thy perfections too.
 In third-rate parts, where nature don't require
 Such skill in action, or such force of fire,
 When nor by pride nor by ambition led,
 The paths of mediocrity you tread,
 There, spite of censure, shalt thou justly raise,
 The smile of pleasure and the voice of praise.

See one in parts of wit and humour, strive
 To catch the manner of a *Pope* or *Clive*;
 For *Gardiner* the copyist betrays,
 In ev'ry part of humour that she plays,

And

And from her acting it is plainly shewn,
 She likes their method better than her own;
 But such, a barren genius declares,
 Who, having no intention, borrows theirs.

Behind appear a despicable race,
 Without one single requisite or grace,
 Beneath the notice of my honest muse,
 Who but to mention, would herself abuse.
 Names both to genius and to fame unknown,
 The needy stragglers of each country town;
 Fit but to form some necessary group,
 Or to compleat *Foote's* miserable troop,
 When furnish'd out with truncheons and with
 cloaths,
 See 'em a *royal company* compose.

By these enforc'd, and arm'd with impudence,
 See him invade the boundaries of sense,
 Break thro' the rules of judgment, wit, and taste,
 And lay, with ridicule, their kingdoms waste;
 Pleas'd with his own, behold the mocker strive,
 With some success, his *Grub-street* to revive,

* Vide one of his *Puffs* in the *Gazetteer*, on Thursday,
 the 9th of July.

And

And ev'ry season palls us with the same,
 'Till jaded patience sickens at his name.
 Each man of candour must in this agree,
 His merit lies in inconsistency:
 Pleas'd with the promise of some joyous fun,
 Away to *Footie's* the herd unthinking run:
 He gains his riches at the fool's expence,
 Despis'd and shunn'd by ev'ry man of sense.

High on *Parnassus* wou'd he wish to ride,
 And, unrestrain'd, the winged courser stride;
 But is it not most evident to all,
 The limping Bard has had a fatal fall.
 A famous play-wright wou'd he seem to be,
 A very Phoenix to posterity.—
 Grief! that his name must with his body die,
 And all his bantlings with their father lie,
 When, lacking his distortion and grimace,
 Their sole protection and their only grace,
 Spurn'd and detested in some wiser age,
 Will never more get footing on the stage.

Of these, the *Minor*, at the head we see,
 Born at the time of his necessity;
 When threaten'd by the horrors of a jail,
 Was forc'd to hoist up ev'ry tatter'd sail;

And

And must have sunk had not the tortur'd *Cole*,
 (Who, like a pirate, he unjustly stole)
 Buoy'd him, when sinking, to the welcome shore,
 And sav'd at once his vessel and his store.

The *Liar* too, his master-piece confess'd*,
 A very fustian-jacket at the best.

The *Mayor of Garratt* next we bring to view,
 Which we must own both laughable and new,
 But candour will admit of no excuse,
 Where she beholds such personal abuse.

His *Patron, Commissary*, even all
 His filthy drolls, beneath this censure fall.

His *Orators*, a very hodge-podge see,
 Made up of rubbish and absurdity,
 Cramm'd full of puns, of nonsense and parade,
 With neither plot, or meaning to it's aid:
 But while to wit he makes the least pretence,
 Or tries to introduce one line of sense;
 With vain attempt he stammers at the task,
 A very *Midas* in *Apollo's* mask.

These

These grown quite thread-bare, and worn out
with age,

Like *Foot*e himself, a nuisance to the stage,
He's brought his *Taylor*s, like a thrifty friend,
To botch their elbows and their linings mend;
Did *Smithfield* e'er produce a bill so rare,
When *Punchinello* was the hero there?
Did ever *Flockton*'s tragedy excell?
Was ever shew-bill drawn up half so well?
Did ever quack with such parade engage?
Not even *Rock* when he adorn'd the stage:
Did *Taylor* e'er with patchwork form a coat,
And without *measure* too, as *Foot*e has wrote?
Did ever play-wright exercise his quill
With *half* that *humour*, or with *half* that *skill*?
And stock'd, like him, with *true poetic lore*,
Write such a *Taylor's* tragedy before.

Try'd, and condemn'd by th' indulgent town,
The father won't his new-born idiot own:
But fain wou'd bribe the bawdy muse it's mother,
To lay the frightful monster on another.
Yet if with close inspection you shou'd trace
The striking outlines of the infant's face,
The father's strong resemblance you'll behold,
As die to die, cast in the self-same mould.

As Epicureans with luxuriant waste,
 Who lose at once their appetite and taste,
 And try to tease the stomach ev'ry hour
 With something sweet, or else with something
 four;

Or when the rake is quite indiff'rent grown,
 Sated with all the pleasures of the town;
 See him from place to place with transport fly,
 In search of pleasure in variety.

When sick of *high life* he begins to grow,
 He tries to find a relish in the *low*;
*Foot*e next arises to his vacant mind,
 For there he's sure the simplest fare to find;
 No heavy sentence to perplex the brain,
 No searching morals on the mind remain,
 But, like the froth, dissolving in the taste,
 And, ere it meets the lip, begins to waste:
 While in our ears he dins the mighty pother,
 It enters one, and hurries out at t'other.

T H E

Widely known as the "Father of the Nation"
and the "Father of the Republic"
his name is synonymous with the
early history of the United States.
He was born on January 18, 1757,
in the town of Stratford, Connecticut.
His father was a farmer and a
merchant, and his mother was a
pious and devoted woman.
He was educated in the common
schools of his native town, and
later attended the Yale College.
He was a member of the
Continental Congress, and
served as the first President
of the United States from 1789
to 1797.

JOHN WILKES ESQ

THE
V I C T I M,
A
P O E M:

INSCRIBED TO
JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

VOL. I.

L

T H E

V I C T I M

In vain the Rhine, with all their names
In vain, tho' dug by reas, may soon write
Pamphlets and novels, magazines and plays,
From day to day a short sensation tale;
And like the rocket mounting to the sky,
Catch with delight the ginsure-hunting eye,
But ere the heart is warm'd, the joy is o'er;
They blaze, they bound, and burst, and soon are
more

OO for that art, itched and divided,
That taught thee, Wilkes, to loath the living line,
To chain the soul, to reach the guilty heart,
To route the Furies from luxuriant self;
Who, lord of power, or ev'ning pride,
Dares to be still, and make the weaker strong;
Whence'er opposition, or when party rage,
Giv'ng him a hand and unrelucting age,

T H E

V I C T I M.

IN vain the Nine, with all their charms invite,
In vain, tho' urg'd by zeal, may poets write,
Pamphlets and novels, magazines and plays,
From day to day a short sensation raise;
And like the rocket mounting to the sky,
Catch with delight the pleasure-hunting eye.
But ere the heart is warm'd, the joy is o'er,
They blaze, they bounce, and flit are seen no
more.

O for that art, the sacred art divine,
That taught thee, *Wilkes*, to form the living line,
To charm the soul, to search the guilty breast,
To rouse the Fav'rite from luxuriant rest;
Who, spight of power, or tyrannic pride,
Dares to be just, and take the weaker side,
Whene'er oppression, or when party rage,
Q'erwhelms a stary'd and unsuspecting age.

In times of old, but times alike to these,
 Full of corruption, luxury and ease;
 When virtue bled at Mammon's gilded door,
 And nought was thought a crime,—but being
 poor;

When Famine stalk'd rapacious thro' the land,
 Whilst Justice slept with daggers in her hand;
 When senators, for gold, at murder winkt,
 And godlike Mercy long had been extinct;
 When injur'd Merit long had su'd in vain,
 And famish'd peasants left the fertile plain;
 When Science, spurn'd, to foreign nations fled,
 And Wisdom oft at Folly's altar bled;
 In such an age, how rare, alas, to find
 One man existing with untainted mind.
 Yet of such god-like mortals have I read,
 When Rome bore all these errors on her head;
 Who durst, in spite of tyranny and pride,
 Stem the rough torrent of the raging tide.

That Rome cou'd boast her worthies it is true;
 Blest be my stars, for Britain boasts 'em too;
 And must maintain her liberty and fame,
 Whilst she preserves, unstain'd, a *Camden's* name;
 Thro' him each Briton keeps secure his door,
 And dreads despotic messengers no more;—

Yet

Yet must he own, nor think it a disgrace,
To *Wilkes* he owes his dignity and place.

The Liberty's in ev'ry breast infus'd,
By all ador'd, and yet by all abus'd,
The verriest wretch that treads the lawless streets,
Will take the right of ev'ry lord he meets:
My lord, in councils, hold superior sway,
And takes each charter'd privilege away,
Usurps each blessing, giv'n us from above,
And tries each wholesome custom to remove;
O may destruction wait the villain's head,
Who first the baleful seeds of faction spread!
Scotchman or English, whoso'er he be,
May fate prescribe an ax his destiny,
May Justice all his latent projects mar,
And fix his hateful head on Temple-Bar,
Scotchman or English: I will not dispute,
The greater knave, a B-----d or a B---e,
Or sound the cause from whence such evils rise,
I'll leave that task to time's all-seeing eyes,
And wait the promise of the wise and great,
Who move by interest's mighty wheel of state.

You're wrong, at such a time, old Caution cries,
With head oft shaken, and uplifted eyes,

Grave and important, eloquent and slow;
 Pretending ev'ry thing on earth to know;
 You're wrong, said he, 'tis not for you or I,
 To plague ourselves, and preach of liberty;
 Let others fill their heads, and crack their brains;
 Give us the pleasure; take who will the pains;
 Address an exile!—'tis a fruitless scheme,
 You ought to make some minister your theme,
 Some panegyric, or some lofty ode,
 If to the great you mean to make your road;
 'Tis better far, than exercise your pen,
 In holding up to view the faults of men;—
 Yet hold, I cry'd, your counsel pray forbear,
 I will no more such admonition hear;
 And may contempt for ever blast my lays,
 Whene'er I flatter where I mean to praise.

Tho' pale Detraction with her hundred heads,
 Her aconitum thro' the nation spreads,
 Infects each mind, and dims each candid eye,
 And stupifies the babe credulity;
 Yes, I will speak! tho' vengeance o'er me hung
 With threat'ning eyes to stop my ardent tongue;
 Tho' exil'd, and by party overthrown,
 Bereft of ev'ry rent-roll of thy own,

Deny'd,

Deny'd, in peace, to tread thy native land;
 Where ev'ry foreign beggar bears commands;
 Where knaves, from ev'ry shore, in splendour
 tread,
 While many a worthy Briton dies for bread.

Shall I forget? when weltring in thy blood,
 I saw thee panting for thy country's good;
 Sanguine in Liberty's immortal laws,
 I saw thee fall a martyr to her cause;
 Struggling, 'gainst death, with Roman fortitude,
 Till thou his all-destroying arm subdu'd.
 But Fate preserv'd thee for some better end,
 To prove ere yet a sinking nation's friend.

In spite, what dull Indiff'rence may suggest,
 For fools are ever apt to think the best;
 And, like the ox, no dangers ever dread,
 Till the sad stroke falls heavy on their head;
 For, O my country! feel you not the wound?
 Look back awhile, and cast your eyes around;
 View but the lawns, where once with glee you fed,
 Where Plenty once her choicest treasure's spread:
 Where peace was wont to smile throughout the
 plains,
 And labour met reward for all her pains.

Now

Now Famine takes her seat, whose baleful eye,
 Blasts every blade, and kills each matchless die;
 Peace leaves her cot, and Plenty takes her flight,
 Whilst rose-lipt Hope is overwhelm'd in night,
 Sunk is each eye, and fallow ev'ry cheek,
 The rifl'd poor in vain for refuge seek,
 In vain the hunger'd infant cries for bread,
 While the sad mother droops her woeful head:
 Her breast its wonted aliment denies,
 And famine-struck her little cherub dies;
 Fell Hyporborean laws, alas prevail,
 Sunk is each science, crowded ev'ry jail;
 Famine and pride now rule with dreadful awe,
 O'erwhelm fair Commerce, and pervert each law.

The sacred mandate first by heav'n assign'd,
 Will'd by the God of Nature for mankind,
 Fair order and society to frame,
 And make eternal love's extatic name;—
 See human laws, presumptive break the tie,
 And set the faith bound-hand at liberty;
 Divorce succeeds divorce, whene'er the mind
 Debas'd is to some other face inclin'd;
 Unknown to love, yet urge the holy state,
 Submit the knee, and rashly stipulate;

They

They greet the portion, but return the wife,
 With scanty pittance for the rest of life;
 F---oy, the muse abominates to see,
 So vile a part so well perform'd by thee;
 The mind corrupt, to ev'ry vice a slave,
 Thy every act still constitutes the knave.

But such examples are the subjects own,
 They cannot say they have 'em from the throne;
 There in the greatest may you plainly see,
 The envy'd state of true tranquility;
 A royal pattern for a nation's guide,
 To all who wish to list on virtue's side;
 The best of father's in the best of kings,
 In whom benevolence for ever springs!
 A lovely offspring dimpl'd o'er with charms,
 To grace the throne, or weild the British arms;
 When years mature shall call 'em to defend
 A nation's right, and prove each subject's friend;
 To dignify with fame the living page,
 And be the wonder of some future age.

Seal'd be each eye, and deaf be ev'ry ear,
 To shield the heart, and stop the ebbing tear,
 Dark was the hour, and involv'd in night,
 When Rapine reign'd, assassins shun'd the light.
 When

When Agathonian riots gorg'd the soul,
 And traytors trembl'd at the midnight owl,
 When bawds for pay, seduc'd the blushing fair,
 Entrapping Virtue with a golden snare.
 I'll-star'd *Lucretia*! at that fatal time,
 Ripe in thy charms, and tempting in thy prime;
 The lustful *Tarquin* stole into thy arms,
 And rifl'd all thy virgin-boasted charms.

What days but these cou'd such a deed restore?
 What man could act it but a *Baltimora*?
 And who like him cou'd grace the am'rous page;
 The debauchee, and *Tarquin* of the age?
 Unhappy maid, may Justice plad thy cause;
 Nor suffer Mammon to subvert her laws,
 To set fair Truth and Innocence aside,
 And overwhelm thee in a golden tide.
 O may some *Camden* rescue thee from shame,
 Nor let the mighty stigmatize thy name;
 Reveal each action to the public eye,
 Restore each truth, invalidate each lie,
 Nor let the potent ravisher prevail,
 How well soe'er he varnish o'er his tale;
 May fierce *Alecto*, with gorgonian locks,
 In veng'ance chace him to the Stygian rocks;

Te

To howl unpity'd on the burning shore,
Where the baleful fiends eternal discord roar.

Each nation boasts its own peculiar vice,
From constitution, or from meer caprice;
France is to fashion an eternal slave,
And ever known more politic than brave:
The Britons rout 'em on the sea or field,
But to their fashions and their follies yield,
Who ever shew, deny it if you can,
The arrant coxcomb overcomes the man,
So fond of mode and nonsense are we grown,
We scarce can relish one thing of our own.
But from our pu'rile and unstable state,
We meanly condescend to imitate:

The hattremendous once, and deeply brimm'd,
Anon behold it to a cockle trimm'd;
The shoe once buckl'd half way to the knee
Anon 'tis buckled to the toe you see,
And Monfieurs coat attracts with equal charms,
Whether the skirts hang from the hips or arms;
When ev'ry alien, take it for a rule,
Will call his aukward coppieft a fool;
What height of madness, and what mode intense,
At once to forfeit decency and sense.

O ne-

O never more the British name degrade,
 Nor be again the dupes of fashion made;
 But be yourselves, bold, generous and wise,
 And all such foreign frippery despise.

The Scotch, all maxims but their own deride,
 From native envy, or from native pride;
 Bold in the field, and letter'd in the school,
 Declares the Scot cannot be quite a fool;
 Tho' bare each hill, and steril ev'ry plain,
 They try to culture and manure the brain.
 From this their pride proceeds, whose bootless store,
 For ever keeps dame Fortune from the door.

Edina, ever with a jealous eye,
 Frown'd on her sister's vast fertility,
 Oft has she led her legions to the field,
 And smote Britannia's adamantine shield,
 Whose fierce repulse oblig'd her famish'd band
 To keep the limits of her native land;
 The sword in vain with all her might she drew,
 In hope our envy'd nation to subdue;
 To institute her base despotic laws,
 To save a *Stewart*, and defend his cause;
 Whose sanguine name has left a purple stain,
 Fit to adorn a priest-rode tyrant's reign.

Now

Now hostile hopes subside, the supple knee,
 Pretended friendship, and hypocrisy,
 Make more advancements in the public weal
 Than all the havock of the pointed steel;
 For what but discord has been heard alone,
 E'er since a Stuart stood so near the throne,
 To whom can Fate these murmurings impute
 But the despotic principles of B---.

Exotic maxims cause domestic broils,
 And ev'ry tranquil happiness despoils;
 The knavish tutor, politic and kind,
 Protests his friendship but conceals his mind,
 Which ever leaning to some selfish end,
 He acts the villain most to seem the friend;
 My lord lays open his unwary heart,
 And falls a victim to a traitor's art.

Fond of her flights the muse wou'd fain intrude,
 To draw unskill'd, a faint similitude,
 'Tween who, or what, I'll leave mankind to guess,
 Or those who wish a nation's happiness;
 By other's folly we are often shewn
 The hateful mirrour, and despise our own:
 All can behold the blemish but the blind,
 To let him feel it then is surely kind.

Once on a time, the fam'd historian writes,
 Skill'd in the annals of the Troglodites:—
 (Capricious realm, in Africa remote,
 Where feeds the pard, where climbs the mountain-goat:)

A noble youth, benevolent and kind,
 To vice a foe, to ev'ry good inclin'd;
 Born to a throne, and rais'd to high degree,
 Ere he had tasted of maturity;
 Sprung from a stock that had been long ador'd,
 Whose valiant arms a welcome peace restor'd;
 A long contention with a tyrant held,
 And made the thistle to the olive yield.
 The plains rejoic'd, and blest'd the great event,
 And drank the cup of plenty and content:
 Ev'n infants whisper'd great *Muzeedan's* name,
 And virgins crown'd him with the wreath of fame.

A slave from Envy, and from Famine sprung,
 All supple was his knee, all sweet his tongue:
 Yet held *Muzeedan* in eternal hate,
 His foe's dear kinsman, and his advocate:
Albuda he, a northern mountaineer,
 His looks were agalastic and severe;
 His eyes malignant, with a tear conceal'd,
 While he his story to the youth reveal'd;

Feign'd

Feign'd a false zeal, and flatter'd in his praise,
 The track each villain takes ere he betrays ;
 And like the pill all gilded to the eyes,
 Few can discover where the poison lies ;
 Till with celerity it makes its way
 Thro' ev'ry pore, and shuts the eyes from day.

The slave prevail'd, the youth too soon
 believ'd,
 The mind untainted, is the first deceiv'd ;
 His manners gentle, and his speech was fair,
 His breast kept no malignant tenant there,
 Save what *Albuda* introduc'd by art ;
 Who drain'd the springs of virtue from his heart ;
 Infusing strange chimera's in his mind,
 To rule tyrannic, and oppress mankind ;
 When ev'ry needy minion of his own,
 Was introduc'd, and planted round the throne.

Lost to himself, *Muzeedan*'s mind gave way,
 And bore the sceptre with despotic sway :
 The subject saw it, and in murmurs loud,
 A threat'ning discord breath'd throughout the
 crowd ;
 Whilst hydra-like, Revenge rear'd up her head,
 At whose dread roar the peaceful village fled ;

Domestic broils, and savage war began,
 And with destruction thro' the nation ran:
 Rebellion drew her sword, whose hand, like fate,
 Shook the foundation of the throne and state.

Albuda saw it with enraptur'd eyes,
 And vulture-like he stood to seize his prize,
 Plung'd the vile poniard in *Muxeedan's* side,
 And bath'd his fingers in the purple tide;
 Then with his legions, who in secret lay,
 Stole the long envy'd diadem away,
 Rush'd on the croud confus'd, who thought to
 save

Their liberty, but fell still more a slave;
 With eyes dejected, and with tears they view'd,
 The sacred name of liberty subdu'd,
 And with despair and agony they saw,
 Rise in her stead each hyperborean law,
 Whose arms oppressive made the subject groan,
 From the hard burdens of a tyrants throne.

O may each monarch shun *Muxeedan's* fate,
 And ev'ry subject closely eye the state,
 Nor suffer one *Albuda* more, so near,
 To whisper poison in a prince's ear.

May

May plenty flow, and public discord cease,
 May Brunswick reign in everlasting peace : —
 Curs'd be the tongue — audacious — that shall
 dare

To vent its poison on a name so fair ;
 Whose royal stock bore terror in the field,
 And yet with lenity the sceptre held ;
 Mercy subdu'd the warlike victor's breast,
 And justice shone illustrious on his crest ;
 Peace was the study of his royal mind,
 At once the friend and father of mankind.

They are not to be taken
as a sign of the
end of the world.

It is not to be taken
as a sign of the
end of the world.

It is not to be taken
as a sign of the
end of the world.

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end of the world.

S O N G S, &c.

YOUNG JOCKEY OF THE CARRON SIDE.

Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon at Marybone.

Set to Music by Mr. Barthelemon.

YE filly lasses of the green,
Your leers and smiles are vain,
Who try with gaudy geer to wean
My bonny bonny swain.

He sees your scarlet knots and bows,
But views them with disdain,
For I alone receive the vows,
Of my dear bonny swain.

He

He is the wonder and the pride
Of all the rural plain,
No shepherd treads the Carron side
Like my dear bonny swain.

While Carron gently steals along,
To hear his lovely strain,
The flocks and herds impatient throng
Around my bonny swain.

Next Sabbath is our wedding-day !
I ne'er shall fear again,
Left some might steal the heart away
Of my dear bonny swain.

Then, lasses, try with all your skill
My Jockey's love to gain,
When I have both the heart and will
Of my dear bonny swain.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon at Marybone.

Set to Music by Mr. Barthelemon.

SURE Wolly will never return back again,
 I've waited this hour or more ;
 Like the poor linnet, I am left to complain,
 That sits on the whinns of the moor ;
 When will my Wolly return ?
 When will my Wolly return ?
 Some damsel has stole the dear heart of my swain,
 And I shall ne'er see my sweet Wolly again.

The thrush and the oufel are now gone to rest,
 The bat and the owl are a-wing,
 The sun has this hour been sunk in the west,
 And night-lulling nightingales sing ;
 Alack and a-well-a-day,
 What can my Wolly delay ?
 Some damsel has stole the dear heart of my swain,
 And I shall ne'er see my sweet Wolly again.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley at Vaux-hall.

Set to Music by Mr. Snow.

THE morn was fair, and Phœbus peep't
O'er the blue mountains head,
While in his cavern Boreas slept,
And Morpheus fled the mead.

The cowslips op'd their velvet leaves,
And incens'd ev'ry vale,
Whilst Cupid wanton'd on the trees,
Rock'd by some gentle gale.

Young Celon came by four o'clock,
To meet his lovely fair,
Neglecting all his tender flock,
That once was all his care.

With plaintive notes he lull'd the grove,
Till Eddie trod the plain;
But soon as he beheld his love,
He chang'd his mournful strain.

Like

Like Flora's handmaid, deck'd in green,
 The smiling fair appear'd,
 Her countenance was all serene,
 At once belov'd and fear'd.

With Love and Joy, fix'd on each face,
 They rambl'd blithe and gay,
 And with a mutual fond embrace,
 They fix'd their wedding-day.

The smiling maids and jolly swains,
 Donn'd in their best array,
 Came trudging o'er the verdant plains,
 And made a holiday.

In rustic dance and merry song,
 None car'd to be outdone;
 The swains they wrestl'd all day long,
 And gambol'd down the sun.

A CATCH.

A C A T C H,

To be sung by Three Men as the Lines
are numbered.

- 1 WHAT makes a modern gentleman
- 10 The glory of the nation
- 5 To be as simple as you can
- 8 A coward in a passion.

- 7 To keep a whore and starve a wife
- 2 The taylor and the tonser
- 9 Damme, boys, but that is life
- 4 To have a wife and sconce her.

- 11 The world must end as it began
- 6 Say, is it not the fashion
- 3 Wed first, then whore, that is the plan
- 12 A world of innovation.

S O N G.

S O N G.

W Hene'er my Patty trips the green,
 I feel a pleasing pain ;
 She gives a lustre to the scene,
 The Dian of the plain.

How does my heart with rapture heave,
 When for an humble bow,
 A grateful curtsy I receive ;
 Say, is it love or no.

Would I a happy shepherd were,
 And she a shepherd's maid,
 That I might tell my tale sincere,
 Beneath some rural shade.

But now with awe I view each charm,
 And fear my flame to own,
 Lest she shou'd all my love disarm,
 With one indignant frown.

Ye Gods inspire me to the deed,
Incline the maid to hear,
For, O I love! I love indeed!
And with a heart sincere.

Lift, lovely Patty, to my strain,
And ease my tortur'd breast;
Ye Gods, I'd never more complain,
If once with Patty blest.

A DIALOGUE SONG.

CLODY and CLARA.

IS it because I love you more
Than mortal man e'er lov'd before?
Is it your sport to use me so,
Will you not marry, Clara?

Clara. No.

Why will you tease me ev'ry day,
When I've so often said ye, nay?
Have I not often bid you go?
Prithee now leave me, Clody.

Clody.

Clody. No.

Wou'd you then see poor Clody die,
Rather than with his suit comply ?
Have you no feelings for my woe,
When I so dearly love you ?

Clara. No.

Were you in love all day to pine,
And at my door all night to whine,
My heart would still the harder grow ;
Now will you follow Clara ?

Clody. No.

Since you're so savage and unkind,
I'll try some other maid to find ;
But none shall ever treat me so,
For Clara has discharg'd me.

Clara. No.

I hope my Clody does but rave ;
Have I not been thy loving slave ?
I was in joke, pray do not go ;
Will you not Clara marry ?

Clody. No.

N 2

You've

You've teas'd the humble mouse too long,
You've done your faithful Clody wrong,
Now to the winds my love I'll blow,
And heed no more your *yes* or *no*.

Clara. Prithee, my Clody, do not go.

Clody. Have you not, said too often, *no*.

Clara. Are you not joking? sure you are!

Clody. Have you not born the joke too far?

Clara. But I will never more do so,
Say, will you not believe me.

Clody. No.

T O A

FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

SPITE of the hub-bub of the town,
Between the multitude and crown;
To 'scape the fousing of a shower,
And crib unto myself an hour;
I in a coffee-house took shelter,
For troth it rained helter skelter;
I know what I had there to do,
So down I sat to write to you;

Yet

Yet I should be most glad to see
 You do the same, and write to me;
 Tho' now, you say, you spend your time
 To better purposes than rhyme:
 Love has stol'n that heart away,
 That us'd so wantonly to play,
 On fam'd Parnassus' musing hill,
 Or near the Heliconian rill;
 Most glad I am; (and yet I pine
 So dear a comrade to resign)
 Most glad I am, the smiling boy
 Has let you taste Hymenial joy;
 The most substantial bliss of life,
 A constant, loving, virtuous wife;
 With joy I *bear*; in fancy *see*,
 Nor envy your tranquility;
 I wou'd not covet from a brother,
 I only wish I'd such another;
 A country-house as far from town,
 A horse that I could call my own,
 A dog and gun at my command,
 Well match'd or trained to my hand:
 To hear the bleating herds complain,
 When land-storms drive them from the plain;
 Or when at morn with joy they bleat,
 Their fleecy friends again to meet:

And then reflect on what I've seen,
 When I've in Covent-Garden been ;
 Where thieves and vintners, pimps and whores,
 Croud around their hellish doors ;
 A tricking, flatt'ring, fawning race,
 Who're glad to whisper your disgrace ;
 But loudly to your face commend,
 And give you credit like a friend ;
 But soon they bring you to repent,
 And raise your debt to ten per cent.
 Yet hold, my Muse, I prithee hold,
 The shower's o'er, my coffee cold ;
 Pray do not run me out of rhyme,
 Lest I shou'd want another time.

V E R S E S

On a distressed Family, that were ruined by
 a Great Man's Promise.

Supposed to be spoken by the Father.

NO, no, I will no more believe,
 Or listen to thy tale,
 Thou shalt no more my ear deceive —
 Thy promises are stale.

No

No more the fancy'd prospect view,
 That charm'd my anxious eyes,
 Which thou uncharitably drew,
 Thy falshoods to disguise.

For ever darken'd be the scene,
 That led me first astray ;
 Where Hope was clad in lively green,
 And Promises were May,

Ah, why should that strong anchor'd maid,
 Lend knaves so fair a cloak?
 For promises with Varo fade,
 Before they well are spoke.

Hence, thou bewitching, smiling fiend,
 Thou shalt no more delude;
 Thy word is smoke, thy promise wind,
 But ah, what wind so rude?

Now on a wide and troubl'd sea,
 Am I for ever tost?
 And, Varo, when I think on thee,
 My peace of mind is lost.

The

The mournful partner of my breast,
 My little cherubs too;
 Alas, my heart is sore distress'd,
 When ere I think of you.

How does it rack me to despair,
 To hear my Mira sigh;
 Or when the big heart-cleaving tear,
 Stands trembling in her eye.

When round my knees, with lisping grief,
 My little dear ones prate;
 I once cou'd give their wants relief,
 But now it is too late.

Bereft of all domestic joys,
 I strive to hope in vain;
 A broken promise oft destroys,
 But seldom cures again.

O N

MR. AND MRS. PRINCE'S BIRTH-DAYS.

The one born on Christmas-Day, the other
on Christmas-Eve.

HARK! the Robin-red-breast sings,
And with his little gladsome wings,
Rejoices that the season's near,
Which brings high merriment and cheer;
When ev'ry Bumpkin's morning cry,
Is ale and cake, roast beef and pye;
Poor Robin on the threshold comes,
And feasts upon the scatter'd crumbs;
When full, he mounts the snow-clad tree,
And sings his carol merrily.

At such a time, wou'd you believe,
Fair B— was born one Christmas-Eve;
Fame and Report still farther say,
A Prince was born on Christmas-Day;
As if both eager to partake
Of the rich well-sugar'd cake;

As

As if each bore a greater mind,
 Than one day more to be confin'd ;
 But hearing each exalted voice,
 They came impatient to rejoice.

Ere eighteen winters had slid by,
 Young Cupid, like an archer fly,
 Together met 'em in a grove,
 Talking o'er the theme of love ;
 When leaves were green, and Flora spread
 Her varied carpet o'er the mead ;
 He took his aim with godlike art,
 And pierc'd at once, the Prince's heart ;
 He aim'd another at the fair,
 Then, laughing, cry'd, I've shot a pair ;
 As a true sportsman always sends
 His wounded game to treat his friends ;
 As Hymen and the God of Love,
 Were ever known as hand and glove ;
 He sent, and sign'd 'em with his name ;
 Hymen receiv'd, and with his flame,
 He touch'd their hearts, and bound their hands,
 And bid 'em follow his commands ;
 To wear his signet on their breast,
 Whether exalted, or distress'd ;

Nor

Nor let one cold indignant frown,
 E'er wither Love's immortal crown;
 Then heal'd the wounds which love had made,
 They both consented and obey'd:
 The *Prince* a husband still remains,
 And she a *Princess* — both in chains;
 But wear them chearful, and confess
 The chain of love is *happinefs*.

EPIGRAM ON DR. WEEZLE,

Doctor to the *honourable* Lumber Troop; who
 voluntarily gave his attendance, and offici-
 ously attempted to ruin a young gentleman
 and a tender family; — who never injured him.

OFFicious, Sir, with strut and look so big,
 With lanthorn body and tremendous wig;
 Is't not enough, that for meer want of skill,
 You daily some unhappy patient kill?
 Must you, when all your filthy nostrums fail,
 Lurk, bailiff like, and drag your friends to jail;
 You take the life, take soul too, all you can,
 Turn bailiff for the Devil; — that's your plan.
 You lurk so cunning, and look out so well,
 The Devil need not doubt you'll furnish hell.

ON THE
DEATH
OF
LORD EGLINGTON.

In the manner of the Chevy Chase.

THE morn was fair, the air serene,
And cheer'd each shepherd lad,
The rustling woods were dress'd in green,
The vales with verdure clad.

Ceres her golden crops had thorn,
And harvest-home had sung;
With Dian's hounds and early horn,
The hills and vallies rung.

At such a time, on such a day,
Lord Eglington arose,
Then sally'd he with horse away,
And to the woodland goes.

His

His coat was all of Saxon green,
 And velvet was his cap ;
 A neater sportsman ne'er was seen,
 To scout the mountain lap.

A bolder steed, a braver Sir,
 Ne'er follow'd hunter's cry,
 For e'er he ply'd the chafing spur,
 He seem'd to ride and fly.

His dogs well train'd, no better sure,
 Ere couched at command ;
 A gun more certain and secure,
 Ne'er graced a sportsman's hand.

O'er rocks, thro' woods, and down the steep,
 Like Perseus in his pride ;
 'Twould glad the heart to see him sweep,
 Adown the mountain side.

Beneath an hill, alack ! the day !
 A lurking poacher stood ;
 All eager, watching for his prey,
 Beside a lonely wood.

O

Who

Who thought ere long, some snipe or hare,
 Wou'd rise within his shot;
 He cock'd his gun, he trim'd his snare,
 But little prov'd his lot.

Anon a lovely woodcock fired,
 Within the wat'ry brake,
 Which soon the watchful spaniel heard,
 Who to his master spake.

The poacher heard the fond alarm,
 And saw the victim rise;
 He pois'd his piece with skilful arm;
 He shot and hit his prize.

Then instantly *recharg'd* with speed,
 And watch'd with greedy eye;
 But little thought who next wou'd bleed,
 What nobler game shou'd die.

Unlucky shot, unlucky bird,
 To loose thy harmless state;
 Unlucky Eglington that heard,
 The summons to thy fate.

O hadst

O hadst thou elsewhere been engaged;
 We had not felt this woe;
 Had'st thou in warlike combat wag'd,
 With some more noble foe.

Some fiend of fate was sure abroad,
 And mischief bore command;
 Thy stars combin'd in one accord,
 And death stood *dart in hand*.

My lord pursued the fatal sound,
 With anger in his mind,
 And in the vale the poacher found,
 Upon his gun reclin'd.

When thus he 'gan the man to chide,
 That durst invade the law;
 Who strove his gun and game to hide,
 And blush'd with guilt and awe.

Resign, presumptuous hind, resign!
 Thou hast no business here;
 These lands and woods thou know'st are mine,
 Resign, or thou'lt pay dear.

I'll not resign thou haughty lord;
 Altho' these lands are thine,
 I've said it, and I'll keep my word,
 The gun shall still be mine.

The hand that gave each creature breath,
 And planted ev'ry tree,
 Will shield me from the hand of death,
 As soon as it will thee.

Impartial nature ne'er design'd,
 That lords alone shou'd reign;
 To tax the air, to rule the wind,
 The tyrants of the plain.

I feel an appetite and will,
 A thirst for pleasure too,
 And have as great a right to kill,
 And eat, as well as you.

Now boil'd the blood within the veins,
 Of brave lord Eglington;
 Rage unbridl'd all her reins,
 Whilst veng'ence spur'd him on.

With blood all blurted in his face,
 And lightning in his eyes;
 I'll not endure this language base,
 From one like thee he cries.

Harsh was the language which he spoke,
 Like Hercules he frown'd;
 And with a stout and pithy oak,
 He struck him to the ground.

As one fell'd by a thunder stroke,
 He speechless lay awhile;
 Then half recovered, thus he spoke,
 In melancholy file.

Inhuman lord! you little know,
 The means that brought me here;
 You might have spar'd each cruel blow,
 And yielded me a tear.

Is it because that chance has thrown
 Thee into fortune's arms,
 To call these woods and vales thy own,
 Which yield a thousand charms.

Is it for this, that thou shouldst be
 So cruel and unkind,
 A stranger to humanity,
 Where poverty you find.

It is because thou art in need,
 Of what my gun has slain;
 If that should be the case, indeed,
 I ne'er would shoot again.

Or if like me, thou shouldst depend,
 On what the fields afford;
 Who, save my gun, can boast no friend,
 To furnish out my board.

For know proud Lord! I should not care,
 To venture forth for game;
 Were I not hunted by despair,
 To risk my life and name.

Go to yon cot, and there survey,
 A scene Wou'd melt a stone,
 Where oft I sigh the live-long day,
 In melancholy moan.

Where

Where the ~~fat~~ mother weeping stands,
 Surrounded by a brood,
 That lift their little harmless hands,
 And cry aloud for food.

Where through the low and shatter'd wall,
 Keen blows the whistling wind,
 When snows in fleety showers fall,
 And winter bites unkind.

When trees that late with leaves were hung,
 Small icicles adorn;
 And where the cheerful thrushes sung,
 The stock-doves sit forlorn.

There bolden'd by my wretched state,
 Thro' these fair lands I roam;
 And when good luck shall prove my fate,
 I bring my treasures home.

With joy I see my infants feed,
 And bless the lucky day;
 I feel no sorrow at the deed,
 While round my hearth they play.

Audacious

Audacious clown, replied my lord,
That dares thus to my face,
Thy lawless practices record,
And boast an act so base.

But these instructions I'll not bear,
And therefore clown resign;
Thou shalt, nor woodcock shoot nor hare,
While these fair lands are mine.

Throw down your arms and go your gate,
And follow good advice;
You will repent it man, too late,
If here you venture twice.

I'll go my gate, the poacher cry'd,
And here offend no more.
The world, thank Heaven's, fair and wide,
'Twas made for rich and poor.

'Tis gi'en the bold and pamper'd feed,
To brouzé in pastures gay;
On rich and luscious food to feed,
And wanton all the day.

Whilst

Whilst Nature's slave, the humble ass,
Dejected, meek, and poor,
Is glad a leisure day to pass,
Upon the barren moor.

Releas'd his burden, there he feeds,
And thinks the thistle sweet;
He asks no more than nature needs,
A belly full's a treat.

He thirsts not for the gold he bears,
When weary on the road;
But ever happy he appears,
If moderate his load.

So I emburden'd with distress,
Deny'd these vales to tread;
I'll forth to yonder wilderness,
And seek my daily bread.

The forest broad, the dreary wilds,
Tho' poor, may yet be kind;
There fortune, yield me but thy smiles,
Then blow the roughest wind.

I ask

I ask not for her gold, nor wealth,
Be those for lazy pride;
Give me but raiment, food, and health,
The rest let fools divide.

There spight of thee, thou haughty peer!
I'll drink tranquility;
Nor shall I live again in fear,
Of such a thing as thee.

Cease, cease thou presumptuous slave,
Nor think I'll list to thee;
Thou empty moralizing knave,
How dar'st thou preach to me.

Resign thy gun, thou loon, I say,
Or by my soul I swear,
I'll make thee fellow, rue the day,
That ever thou cam'st here.

Then aiming at the poacher's head,
Who laugh'd at what he spoke;
As if he meant to strike him dead,
E'en at a single stroke.

The poacher to evade the blow,
 Three paces back retir'd;
 His face with passion 'gan to glow,
 As if his heart were fir'd.

I swear then, by my breath and blood!
 My gun and I won't part,
 To prove that it's contents are good,
Here take 'em to thy heart!

This done, down upon the ground he fell,
 Like to a wounded deer,
 And sighing wish'd a long farewell,
 To his Corina, dear.

Now all aghast the poacher stood,
 To see his deed so foul;
 Convulsed boil'd his guilty blood,
 And horror seiz'd his soul.

As one distast and wild was he,
 All stiffen'd with surprize;
 Then falling on his bended knee,
 Aloud to heav'en cries.

Have

Have mercy! mercy! Gracious God!
 Withhold the hand of death!
 O spare, O spare thy dreadful rod!
 O spare, O spare his breath!

Where shall I go, where shall I hide?
 How 'scape thy wond'rous eyes?
 How drive the spectator from my side,
 When conscience—murder cries?

Accursed be this vile machine!
 Accurs'd the luckless hour!
 O had I in the desert been,
 Where savages devour.

Or near the threat'ning billows swell,
 Had I been doom'd to stand;
 Where thy prophetic mermaids yell,
 Along the dreadful strand.

O! had some sky-lark rais'd in air,
 Or had it prov'd my lot,
 That snipe, or partridge, quail or hare,
 Had fall'n beneath my shot.

For,

For, ah! I little thought to find,
 Such noble game as thee;
 Or that the fates had e'er design'd
 This bloody task for me!

Dear hasty youth, cou'd I restore
 That life I've ta'en away,
 I wou'd my better stars implore,
 And pine from day to day.

O let me raise thy drooping head,
 And lift thee from the ground,
 And leave, O leave, this goary bed,
 Whilst angels heal the wound!

With deathly cheek, and fainting eye,
 The bleeding Earl reply'd;
 O bear me Poacher, ere I die,
 To my Corina's side.

There let me take my last farewell,
 Once more behold her charms,
 That fame to future times may tell,
 I died within her arms.

Do this! be all thy sins forgiv'n,
 Altho' by thee I bleed,
 Do this! and may all-judging heav'n,
 O'erlook thy bloody deed.

The tears fast down the Poacher's cheek,
 In streaming showers fell;
 He beat his breast, he strove to speak,
 And strove to say farewell.

Grief choak'd all utt'rance for a while,
 But now to words gave way;
 When in a soul-distracted stile,
 He 'gan with tears to pray.

Great God of mercy, yet restore,
 This sad, this bleeding lord;
 For O his goodness wounds me more,
 Than cou'd his keenest sword.

O spare my shame, my grief, despair,
 O spare his precious life,
 In pity to that tender fair,
 His wish'd his promis'd wife.

Ah!

Ah me ! she comes, my hateful deed,
Is blown through all the world ;
Soon shall be, (too sure I read)
To dark perdition hurl'd.

My *glass* is run, *Time* tolls my knell,
My wretched reign is o'er. —
My wife, my little babes farewell,
I ne'er shall see you more.

Accurs'd am I, of all mankind,
To leave ye thus undone ;
Ah ! where will you a father find,
When I am dead and gone.

With eyes distract, dishevel'd hair,
The sad Corina came ;
Her cries and shriekings pierc'd the air,
With calling on his name.

The names of Death and Eglington,
She join'd in accents sad. —
In pity mighty God look down ;
—O let me not be mad !

Wilt thou eclipse him from my sight.
 By death's relentless hand ?
 My blessed Sun, that shon so bright,
 The wonder of the land !

He saw her pangs, her voice he heard,
 He pressed her to his side ;
 Death in his face, all pale appear'd,
 He blest'd her, sigh'd, and died.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

A FABLE.

FOUR giddy boys play'd truant once,
 Who never blush'd at name of dunce ;
 But rather choose to live as fools,
 Than bear confinement in the schools :
 As near a wood they chanc'd to stray,
 They found a bird's-nest in their way ;
 All eager, scrambling for the nest ;
 But one much taller than the rest,
 Secur'd the prize ; each claim'd a share,
 The tallest did not hold it fair,

And

And with an aggravating frown,
 He vow'd he'd keep it all his own ;
 The rest with rage were fit to burst,
 When each declar'd he saw it first ;
 And rather than give up their right,
 They 'gan to quarrel, next to fight ;
 The nest was on a hay-cock put,
 'Till they decided the dispute.
 A clown just by, emerging lay,
 To see 'em once begin the fray,
 He knew he should (for he was wise)
 While they were fighting, steal the prize ;
 No sooner had the fray began,
 But with the nest, away he ran ;
 The scuffle over, to his cost,
 The hero found his prize was lost.
 Each 'gan to simper at his brother,
 To find, that after all their potber,
 The potent point so soon decided,
 And ev'ry share so well divided.

THE PETTICOAT, A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of Chevey Chase.

'T WAS sometime, worthy firs, in May,
No matter in what year;
When boys and girls together play,
And drink in merry cheer.

It happen'd once, a waggish set,
Bethought 'em of a joke;
And near a mighty mansion met,
The Lord on't to provoke.

High in the air a trophy bore,
I'faith a strange conceit;
And crowding round his lordship's door,
They hallow'd *bread and meat*;

A magistrate in truth was he,
Of noble blood deriv'd;
No mortal had a heart more free,
His equal ne'er surviv'd.

The

The uproar drew his lordship out,
 To know what it cou'd mean;
 But on his chaps receiv'd a clout,
 That sent him in again.

But turning round, he cast his eyes,
 And view'd the shameful scene;
 Revenge! revenge! revenge! he cries,
 Was ere the like on't seen.

A pettycoat and breeches hung,
 Both dangling on a pole;
 The street with claps and hissing rung,
 Enough to charm one's soul.

The meaning soon his lordship knew,
 And streight he rais'd a band;
 Who joining him, like hero's flew,
 And seiz'd it sword in hand.

Did ever knight in days in yore,
 Atchieve such envy'd fame;
 Did ever mortal man before,
 Deserve so great a name.

The

The k—, God blefs his royal heart,
 Of his own wife accord;
 Streight acted he the k——y part,
 And gave him due reward.

Now, high in council feat he's plac'd,
 To rule o'er rich and poor;
 Was ever k—— before so grac'd,
 By any man before.

Now be it known to great and small,
 The wonders he has done;
 And to his fame let bunters ball,
 As thro' the streets they run.

THE PEASANT AND THE ANT.

A F A B L E.

THE fields were ripen'd all around,
 And Ceres' head with corn was crown'd;
 Pomona with her fruits array'd,
 And plenty (coy, much envied maid)
 Her horn of bounty careless held,
 And dropt a gift in every field.

A peasant,

A peasant, walking through the grain,
Was heard to murmur and complain.
His face was wan and meagre grown,
And hunger stamp'd him with a frown.

A laden ant was passing by,
And, with her small insectic eye,
She look'd upon the abject man,
And, with revilings thus began:

“ Art not ashamed, ungrateful clown,
“ Amongst such crops thy wants to own,
“ Whilst smiling plenty round thee stands,
“ Inviting thy unwilling hands.
“ Thou poor incorrigible knave,
“ Thy sloth will bring thee to the grave.
“ Benevolence is thrown away,
“ On such as thou art ev'ry day.
“ How can'st thou ever think to thrive,
“ Except with industry thou'lt strive
“ To help thyself, when there is giv'n
“ Before thine eyes such stores from heav'n?
“ Had I one opportunity
“ Like this, I'd lay such plenty by.
“ In such a season I'd provide
“ Enough for all my days beside.

“ But

" But I'm obliged each day to roam
 " Many a furlong from my home,
 " And cry, good luck, when'er I pick
 " From off the ground a single stick ;
 " Or, in some long or rutty lane,
 " I find by chance a single grain.
 " Had I the art, and strength like you,
 " To reap, to thresh, to bake, and brew,
 " I would not murmur nor complain
 " At winter's snow or summer's rain,
 " Which heav'n in each season sends,
 " To answer all its wiser ends."

" Thou boasting thing, (the clown reply'd,)
 " Thou little crawling piece of pride,
 " Or stop thy foul reproaching breath,
 " This moment else shall be thy death ;
 " For all thy counsel's mere pretence,
 " To shew thy mighty share of sense,
 " Thy industry and insolence, }
 " Thou would'st not in this manner prate,
 " Wert thou like me of human state ;
 " Were what I've reap'd, and what I've sown,
 " Like what thou gather'st, *all my own*,
 " My barns should every one be stor'd,
 " And I, as well as thou, would hoard.—

" I own.

- " I own the seasons plenty send,
 " Were men like ants, each other's friend ;
 " I would not now come murm'ring here,
 " Were food and raiment not so dear.
 " Those times thou sure must own are bad,
 " When there's no victuals to be had ;
 " When Nature sends her stores at large,
 " And Earth does all her gifts discharge,
 " 'Tis not by God, but man deny'd,
 " Who feasts in luxury and pride :
 " For see, yon infant starving dies,
 " With all this bounty 'fore his eyes."

THE APOLOGY.

There is no reason to comment,
 The moral is most evident.

The PRETTY MAID of CHELMSFORD.

A Pretty maid both kind and fair,
 Dwells in *Chelmsford* town,
 Her pleasing smiles, her easy air,
 Engages fop and clown.

Being

Being accosted t'other day,
By a clumsy 'squire,
Who ask'd her if she knew the way
To quench a raging fire.

Water, Sir, reply'd the maid,
Will quench it in a trice,
O no, said he, you little jade,
I've try'd that once or twice.
Then Sir, said she, 'tis past my skill,
To tell you what will do ;
I'm sure, said he, you know what will ;
There's nothing can but you.

Alas-a-day what do you mean,
Reply'd the pretty fair ;
I'd have you try it once again ;
You never shou'd despair.

Despair I cannot, cry'd the 'squire,
While you are in my fight,
'Tis you must quench the burning fire,
You set it first alight.

Then

Then strait he clasp'd her round the waist,
 And forc'd from her a kiss,
 Ho ! ho ! said she, is that your taste ;
 Then pray you, Sir, take this.
 And with a pail, plac'd at the door,
 She sluic'd the amorous 'squire ;
 Your'e welcome, Sir, to this and more,
 To quench your raging fire.

AN EVENING'S WALK.

ONE Summer's eve, when ev'ry swain was
 hous'd,
 When Sol had scarce one glimmer left behind,
 Each little star, faint glitt'ring, cast a ray,
 And spangled o'er the dusky robe of night.

Fond of the scene, I wander'd far from home,
 O'er level lawns, and flower-breeding vales,
 Till weary nature slacken'd in my steps,
 And made me halt upon a friendly bank.
 Calm thro' a bridge, there ran a peerless stream,
 That scarcely mov'd the ozier's slender wand :
 Here I took my stand, and view'd the solemn scene.

The bat had been an hour on the wing,
 Chasing the night-fly and the buzzing gnat:
 The purblind owl had left the antient tower,
 Prowling with flossy wing along the mead.
 Anon, as out of Chaos, shot a ray
 Of chearing light, quiv'ring o'er the hills,
 As yet too weak to struggle with the dark;
 Or, as th' Egyptian queen, far off beheld,
 Shot her first beams on the Italian shore,
 Her brilliant train reflecting on the waves,
 Making the Tybur like a golden sea.

Clouds that o'er-hung the horizon, unseen,
 Appear'd in view, like silver-skirted troops,
 Waiting the up-rise of the queen of night.
 Slow she approach'd, and smil'd upon the world,
 Op'ning fresh landscapes to my wond'ring eyes.
 Philomel now chear'd the embow'ring grove,
 The woodlark too, mistaking it for day,
 Join'd her sweet notes with emulating strains.

Near to my left there stood an ancient pile,
 By wasting time, and savage war defac'd,
 Like a reduc'd and hoary-headed chief,
 Commanding awe, even in destruction.
 On its flinty sides deep-dy'd ivy clung;

Its roof was cap't with velvet-grounded moss,
 And round its base, wild weeds and flowers grew,
 The stinging nettle with the briars blend,
 The secret haunt of adders and of toads,
 Thro' the wide breaches of the rock-built walls,
 Pale Cynthia beam'd her lucid columns down
 Upon the verdant slope, in lines direct and clear,
 Reflecting on a dimpled brook below.

A solemn silence now o'erspread the globe,
 Save when the minew wanton'd on the stream,
 And left a circle spreading to the brink.
 Anon, as wind from out some hollow cave,
 A deep-felt sigh from out the ruins came,
 As from a heart just bursting with its load,
 Which freight was answer'd with a voice of woe,
 Like sorrow soothing the more sad despair.

Awhile I stood, in doubt, to know the cause,
 Or to retreat, lest some deluding fiend,
 Feigning the voice of grief, meant to destroy.
 At length resolv'd, with caution I approach'd,
 O melting sight! my wounded heart ran o'er,
 And empty'd at my eyes — A mournful pair,
 The woeful partners of affliction sat,
 On the low basis of a mould'ring urn,

Q 2.

And

And open'd to my view a tragic scene;
 Conceal'd, I stood, observing their distress;
 She, in her lap, an infant cherub held,
 A lovely boy, the offspring of their loves.
 Her eyes were bent with sorrow on the babe,
 While in her face the little dear one smil'd,
 And then, with tears of misery and love,
 She clung him eager to her throbbing breast.

The wretched husband on her neck reclin'd,
 Striving to cheer his melancholy dame,
 Feign'd a hope, tho' foreign to his heart:
 But when he found despair had seiz'd her soul,
 His tears burst forth, and bath'd his manly cheeks,
 And on his bended knees he trembling fell,
 Lifting his eyes with anguish 'gainst the sky,
 With invocations loud, and agonizing sighs,
 Imploring heaven for a ray of peace,
 Till his loud accents shook the vaulted roof,
 And rift his tortur'd breast.—I cou'd no more,
 But flying to his aid with heart distress'd,
 He fix'd his eyes with furious glare upon me,
 And threaten'd me with death if I advanc'd;
 Like the fierce tyger, assail'd by hunters,
 In his dreary den, he stood defensive o'er his young,
 Shielding

Shielding 'em from danger. With humble voice,
 And friendly tears, I mov'd him to attend;
 And listen patient to the voice of pity.
 Joy then, with fear and admiration mix'd,
 O'erspread each face, and as I spake, they blest;
 Hope, like the sun that clouds had long o'erveil'd,
 Flush'd on their cheeks, extinguishing despair.

Ye woeful pair let your suspicions cease;
 If friends forsake, and creditors pursue:
 If you once more can trust a thought to hope,
 And think it possible to meet a friend,
 Tell me your story, and you yet shall find
 That fate relents, and ceases to afflict.
 Tho' here to you a stranger I appear,
 To mercy I am none; to see another wretched,
 Makes me wretched too: by serving others,
 I still myself oblige, and meet reward,
 Ample reward, a tranquil happiness!
 Seeing others so, by me made happy.
 I'd rather wipe the tear of grief away,
 Than add a ruby to a monarch's crown,
 And win a prince's promise for my pains.
 If fate's not giv'n you over to despair,
 And you'll accept of friendship once again,
 Chear your sad hearts—let ev'ry fear subside,

Nor doubt a stranger yet may prove a friend;
 If you'd be happy, tell me but in what,
 I'll try my ev'ry means to make ye so.

Thou gracious being! (if thou art human)
 For thou speak'st with a celestial tongue,
 Let me embrace thee;—O! pardon me, too,
 That I assail'd thee with the threat of death,
 When thou but meant to save me from his shaft;
 For O! thy words were welcome to my soul
 As mollient dews that fall upon the mead,
 When parching Sol has curl'd each verdant blade;
 Thou hast preserv'd to me the dearest rose
 That ever scented gale, the sweetest bud
 That ever eye beheld, or tempted death to kill,
 (This drooping fair one, and her smiling boy,)
 For they have suffer'd more than I dare tell,
 And to repeat, is more than I can bear:
 She once, alas, was Fortune's favourite,
 And Minerva's pride, the tender fondling
 Of a wealthy pair—O! sad remembrance;
 Provoking tears! when will ye cease to flow!
 These eyes have long been strangers to a smile;
 Excuse me, friend, if they disgust thee.
 We sing of others' woe, but cry our own;
 My heart has gushed at a thousand veins,

To

To see the sufferings of a matchless wife:—
 There was a time, when this forsaken hold,
 At such an hour, would have giv'n delight,
 When solitude and night would give a scope
 To thought, and yield a pleasing melancholy
 To the jaded mind, o'ercharg'd with pleasure
 And variety; but now, how dreary and forlorn
 It seems; and as we tell our mournful tale,
 With double horror echoes back each word,
 Mocking adversity, in hollow sounds,—
 Telling us over what is death to hear.—
 Such tales as mine, good friend, I oft have read;
 Such woeful scenes have oft been play'd;
 With sympathizing heart I've heard and seen,
 And dropp'd a tear for the oppress'd and brave;
 But ere I'd slept the fiction fled my breast,
 And time would leave no traces on the mind.
 When we become the objects of distress,
 Remembrance stamps it with an iron seal
 Upon our hearts, and ev'ry thought is death.
 But to my story, 'tis my friend's desire—
 I am no stranger to this gloomy pile,
 I oft have paid a visit to these walls,
 And oft admir'd the romantic form,
 When the fair morn invited me abroad,
 When fertile nature dasy'd ev'ry hill,

And

And ev'ry meadow blush'd a purple hue :
 When thrushes sang, and linnets charm'd the
 grove ;
 My heart then drank in pleasure at my eyes,
 And felt no interrupter by the way,
 No wretched thought to dash it back again.—
 My father was a man of wealth and note,
 (And held a mansion in a village by)
 A better ne'er gave being to a son ;—
 I having read of mighty things abroad,
 Of ancient Rome and grand Cairo's court,
 The wealth of India and Egyptian wilds.
 With thirst for novelty and desire,
 I urg'd my father, and at length prevail'd
 That he would let me venture on a tour,
 And prove the truth of hist'ry and report.—
 'Tis six years since I left my native home ;
 Since when, so many wonders I have seen,
 That curiosity at last grew sick.

Returning home, I cross'd the mighty Alps ;
 A deadly sickness seiz'd me on the way,
 And made me seek for succour and a friend ;
 A greater rarity than all I'd met.
 An ample dwelling open'd to my view,
 To which I bent my way, and shelter ask'd,

And

And was receiv'd at once a welcome guest.
 With mild compassion they beheld my state,
 And strove to cheer me with a friendly voice.
 Dismounting here, I would have enter'd in,
 But that my feet their wonted use deny'd:
 My limbs gave way, and let me to the ground;
 When this dear fair came running to my aid;
 She rais'd me up, and led me careful in,
 And ev'ry day a true attendance paid:
 When I was struggling with the pangs of death,
 And with consoling hope, she'd drop a tear,
 Implo'ring heaven to preserve my life.
 Her supplications did at length prevail.
 No sooner had I conquer'd one compeer,
 But found my heart was with another ta'en,
 Love, to whom I soon submitted, and embrac'd.
 And made my hostess partner of my life,
 But here partaker in affliction too;
 Her father was a Briton, once of wealth,
 And held a mansion in that happy isle,
 Till revolution and domestic broils,
 Destroy'd his lands, and plunder'd all he had,
 (Save a few stores, in secret he had saved),
 Putting himself and family to flight,
 To seek for refuge in a foreign land.
 The action robb'd the good man of his life,

And:

And in distress the mournful widow left,
 With this fair comforter to buffet life,
 And shield her from a base ensnaring world.

Here eighteen months I liv'd in social joy,
 And in the desert found the dearest wife.
 The kindest mother ever man cou'd boast,
 Her better spirits so outworn by grief,
 That made her frame, like frozen lillies, fade,
 Recline, and droop unto the earth again.
 Not having heard one tidings from my friends
 For many a day, then we for England made;
 And ere we reach'd the shore, the wind blew high,
 And frowning Neptune on the surface foam'd,
 Throwing up wat'ry mountains in our way,
 And, in his anger, dash'd us on a rock:
 Some twenty perish'd in the yawning deep,
 But we escap'd, to meet a harder fate.
 We sav'd our lives, but saw our cargo sink:
 No sooner had I stepp'd with pleasure on the shore,
 But met the tidings of my father's death,
 From one misfortune often comes a crowd,
 For some malignant enemy of mine,
 Inform'd the good old man I'd long been dead.
 And ere he died, he chose another heir.
 And left him all his fortune and estate.

Here,

Here, each glaring circumstance arose,
 And fill'd me with surprise: I ask'd his name,
 " Landore, he cry'd, a wealthy neighbour here."
 Landore! ye mighty Gods, how just!
 I am that heir thy worthy father chose,
 And for his friendship and his love to me,
 I'll give his son his fortune back again.
 I had enough 'before to make me happy,
 And but resign that superflux to him,
 Which fate had chosen me steward to a while,
 To quit my claim upon a just demand.

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M

ON

L O R D G——.

MY Lord has often said, he scorns
The wretch who'd fain conceal his horns,
And, from his heart, quite full of glee,
He wish'd all cuckolds in the sea.
A merry wag (pleas'd with the whim)
Reply'd, my Lord, *Pray can you swim?*

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END OF VOL. I.

